

**THE  
JEWES  
TRAGEDY,**

**OR,**

**Their Fatal and Final  
OVERTHROW**

**BY**

**VESPATIAN and TITUS his Son,**

**Agreeable**

**To the Authentick and Famous History**

**OF**

**J O S E P H U S.**

**Never before Published.**

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*By William Hemings, Master of Arts of OXON.*

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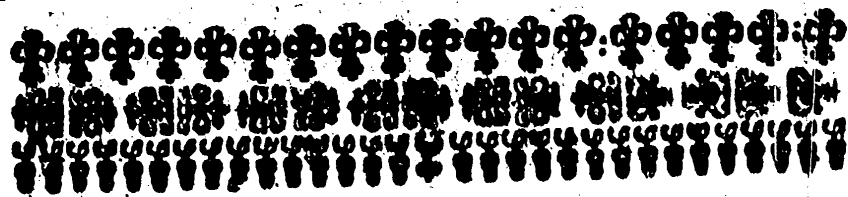
**L O N D O N,**

**Printed for Matthew Inman, and are to be sold by Richard Gam-  
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# THE ACTORS.

|                    |   |
|--------------------|---|
| <i>Nero Cesar,</i> | Emperor of Rome.                                    |
| <i>Agrippa,</i>    | King of Jewry:                                      |
| <i>Vespasian.</i>  | <i>Nero's Gen: &amp; after Emp:</i>                 |
| <i>Titus</i>       | Son to <i>Vespasian.</i>                            |
| <i>Valerio</i>     | A Roman Captain:                                    |
| <i>Nicanor</i>     | A Roman Captain:                                    |
| <i>Ananias</i>     | High Priest for <i>Jerusalem:</i>                   |
| <i>Gorion</i>      | Priest,   |
| <i>Joseph</i>      | Son to <i>Gorion</i> and Captain                    |
| <i>Eleazer</i>     | (of the Jews,<br>Seditious Captains of the<br>Jews, |
| <i>Iehochanan</i>  |   |
| <i>Simeon</i>      |   |
| <i>Zareck</i>      | A poor Jew,   |
| <i>Miriam</i>      | A Jewish Lady,                                      |
| <i>Peter</i>       | The Ladies man.                                     |



## Prologus.

**U**ndicious friends, our Author bids me say,  
That he hath labour'd to adorn his Play  
with such Varieties; as may besit  
The fair deportment of a sober wit.  
Stories are strict, and challenge from the Stage,  
The true Dimensions of their former Age:  
where Fancy guides the Plot, the Field is wide,  
And freely grants what here will be deny'd;  
What's wanting to his will by this defect,  
Your gentle Censures, and more milde aspect  
will fairly answer; Grant him this, and he  
will study to deserve your Curtellies.



## THE JEVVES TRAGEDY.

### Act. I. Scene I.

Sound Musicke, and enter NERO, Emperour of  
Rome, Crown'd with a Laurel wreath; and attended by  
Roman Lords, he ascends his Chair of State.

NERO.

**M**Y Lords of Rome, since first the auspici-  
ous eye  
Of Heaven look't singly on our bold at-  
tempts,  
We ne'r encounter'd fortunes so advers,  
Since first our Father Romulus ordain'd  
The Eternal Fire, by vestal Nunns pre-  
serv'd.

And since Religious Nums did create  
Our Holy Sacrifices for the Gods,  
We never had such signes prodigious;  
Our Bulls for Offerings to the God of War  
Fall dead untoucht by hand of Holy Priest;

And

And such as wounded dye by sacred Knife,  
Their Intrails spotted tells us all's not well,  
The Gods are sure displeas'd.

1. Lord. Our War, my Sovereign, can import no less,  
The Persians, Grecians, and the Galls revolts,  
With ill success in Jewry, these can tell  
Most mighty Cæsar, that all is not well.

Nero. Now by the Gods I swear,  
That sturdy Nation shall repeat their pride.  
Have we not sent Embassadors from Rome  
To treat them fair, and to confirm our Truce?  
Have we not sent a Bull for sacrifice?  
And Sheep for offerings of a sacred Peace,  
Even to the God himself whom they adore,  
And in his Temple too? What could we more?  
Save what we did, to give our Royal Word,  
That never henceforth Roman Prince  
Should rule the Nation, but a Native born,  
Even their own King Agrippa.  
Hearst thou not yet of his arrival?

2 Lord. Our packets do inform us of his neer approach,  
Each hour he is expected.

Nero. By heaven I thirst to know the certainty of their proceedings.  
Nor can I chuse but wonder at the stay of our Vespasian,

I fear all is not well with him my Lords:

Haste thee *Hosilim* to the sacred Priests,

Bid them again go offer sacrifice,

I long to see some luckie signs appear.

Go know the reason of that shout,

The cheerful noyse should seem to speak of joy.

Lord. The King of Jewry is at hand my Lord.

Nero. Now by my life he's welcom: go forth & meet him, gen.

And conduct him to our presence.

Lord. I shall my lord.

Nero. Now have we half our wish, were but Vespasian here  
We had our full desire.

A Florish, and enter King Agrippa; two of his Attendants go before him, bearing his Crown between them, with other followers; those that bear the crown kneel before the Emperor.

K. Agrip. Thus lowe great Caesar to thy Majestie  
Bowes *larges King* to do thee fealtie.

Nero. And thus lowe Caesar steps to bid thee welcom;  
Welcom Agrippa; take from Caesars hand  
Thy sacred Diadem, with sole command *Hee*  
Of thy rebellious Jews. *pats the Crown*  
But tel me K. Agrippa, where are those *upon him, &*  
Embassadors of mine, which lately were *sents him*  
Dispatch't with presents to thy Nation, *by him.*  
With sacred offrings, and with flags of peace  
Embrac't with solemn joy, and safely stowde  
Within our Temple; thy Embassage done  
With due regards to *Romes and Jewry's* honor:  
But loe the fury of a frantick mind,  
The factious Commons in their heat of blood  
Have slain thy Roman Lords, & stoutly stand  
Rebellious Captains of our holy Land.

Nero. What!

Agrip. Tis true great Emperor, nor was my self secure,  
But forc't to flie for safety.

Nero. Is't possible? O ye gods! *Rises and*  
To what a wretched time am I reserv'd, *goes down.*  
That this smal handful dares affront me thus?  
Where art thou *Julius*? at whose great command  
The utmost ends of Europe did obey.  
Where worthily *Alexander*? that didst sweat to dwell  
Within the circuit of this little Earth:  
Behold a wretched caltiff in your room, *(more;*  
Contend, despis'd, rebel'd against. O ye gods! what  
Not able to maintain what you have won.

Lord. Most mighty Caesar,

Let

Let not thy passion rob thee of thy right;  
Let *Cesar* be himself, and then heel see [raignty.

Himself as great in pow'r, & greater in degrees of sov-  
*Nero*. Away thou fawning Cur, upon my life thou flatterst me.

*Lord*. My Lord?

*Nero*. No more I say. But laugh me to scorn behind my back,  
And yet, though I deserve it, take heed thou dost it not,  
Upon thy life take heed; look too t---

*Agrip*. Great Sovereign, give *Agrippa* leave to speak,  
Thou canst not *Mighty Cesar*, now behold  
Thy self, nor others, with a judging eye  
Recall thy self from passion; and be still  
As great in Powre, as thou art great in Will.

*Nero*. Thou gav'st the wound *Agrippa*, and hast heal'd it;  
But yet the loss of my Embassadors was strange; 'twas  
[wonderous strange,  
And wonderous daring too, Daring to me; to me I  
[say twas daring.

*Agrip*. No more, most mighty *Cesar*.

*Nero*. Well, I have done, pardon my haste *Agrippa*;  
And you, forget what I have said.

*Nero*. The News.

*Messen*. My gracious Lord *Vespasian* is arriv'd, *enter a mes-*  
And Prays admittance to your royal presence. *senger*

*Nero*. *Vespasian* come? Thou brings us happy news; *Exit*  
Conduct him hither I pray, we long to hear a messenger.  
[welcom neyvs. *He ascends his chair*  
[with King *Agrippa*.

*Enter Vespasian with other Roman Lords.*

*Vesp*. All happiness attend imperious *Cesar*;

Peace from the Gods; from Europe victory;

And from *Vespasian* duty to the King.

*Nero*. Welcom *Vespasian*, the Gods are pleas'd indeed, *raises*

Since with thy Victors brow we crowned stand; *him*.

Glad yet our ears more with a true and full relation

Of thy successful voyage.

*Vesp*. From vanquish't *Persia*, mighty *Cesar*, we

Were

Were by stresse of weather forc't to touch  
Vpon the Coasts of *Spain*; there we renew'd  
Our weather beaten Barks with fresh supply  
Of men and Amunition: Thence we steer'd  
Our course for *Gallia* and the *Britains* shore.  
The *Gauls* at our arrival bad declare  
What our intentions, whom, and whence we were.  
We answer'd, [ *Mighty Cesar* ] we were come  
To claim obedience to the *Roman* yoke.  
The haughty King deny'd, and stoutly stood  
In bold defiance.

Long was the dreadful fight, and doubtful too,  
Till at the length thy souldiers won the day,  
And forc't their stubborn King in spight obey.  
From thence great King we steer'd to *Britains* shore,  
Where we were entertain'd as was of old  
Our famous *Julius*, with a dreadful noise  
Of hideous outcries, shrieks, and yellings out  
To fright our Souldiers, while themselves made good  
Their craggy Clifts with loss of *British* blood:  
Thrice were we beaten of, and thrice again  
Recover'd footing: yet still great King were forc'd  
To give them ground till thy *Vespasian* cry'd,  
Fight, fight on your honour, lives, and *Cesars* side,  
For mighty *Cesar* fight.

Hadst thou but seen, great King, thy Captains then,  
And *Roman* Lords come bleeding on again,  
Repulse the Foe, and bravely win the shore,  
Maintain the Onsent still, tho still oppos'd,  
Till Chariot waves were drown'd in *British* blood,  
There hadst thou seen their ranks with fury broke,  
and them subjected to thy sole command.  
This *Mighty Cesar* is the brief of all  
Since thy Comuission made me General:

*Nero*. Blest be the gods, *Vespasian*, and be thou  
Blest in the favour of our gracious Brow.  
And now again thrice welcom worthy *Roman*,  
Thy valor shall be crown'd with full reward  
Of fair preferment worthy thy deserts:  
We therefore here create thee General  
Of all *Judea* and the Holy Land.  
O my *Vespasian*! I can tell thee stories  
Will spurre thee on in fury to revenge.  
But now no more of that---

C

We

We will to triumph for our victories;  
That done, set ope the Gates of *Ianus* wide,  
That bloody war may quel *Judea's* pride.

*Exeunt  
omnes.*

## ACT. I. SCÆN. II.

*Enter Lord JEHOCHANAN, and Lord SKIMEON.*

*Skim.* IS the News certain that *Agrippa's* fled?

*Iehoc.* Most certain, and to *Cæsar* for relief.

*Skim.* Tut! let the venom burst, I dare the worst of fates extremity;  
Death entertain'd with fear more terrifies  
The frighted soul, then doth the fatal blow:  
Let Pidgeon-liver'd slaves be tormented thus;  
I'll meet it smiling, with as bold aspect  
As e're I met the braving enemy.

*Iehoc.* How full of hidden Ambiguities  
Grow these distracted times!  
The factious Commons giddy censure stand  
So strange and doubtful, that 'twere policy indeed  
To sound 'um to the bottom.

*Skim.* To be a crouching, crawling, fawning Cur,  
To lick the lazy hands of prating Priests,  
With protestations of integrity  
Devoted whole to them:  
With true compunction of unfeigned grief  
Submissively to crave their gracious pardon:  
To pay the ragged multitude with praise  
Of their ingenuous care and fervent love  
For preservation of the Common-wealth;  
To promise fair rewards to froward fools  
Perhaps, with durtie feet to mire with fawnings,  
And then be beaten with the shameful staffe  
Of foul Reproach:  
To do all this were to be born a fool,  
To live a slave, and dye a coward,  
Death! I will stand between the counterbuffs  
Of these devouring storms in spite of Hell;  
Nor Priest, nor Peasant shall inforce me stoop  
An inch to either: as I have liv'd, I'll fall,  
Or freed from both, or reapt up root and all.

*Iehoc.*

*Iehoc.* Or banishment or death we must expect.  
Hast thou not seen the ragged multitude,  
Whose stupid brains are stuf with nothing else  
But their mechanick skill, whose highest strain  
Of Cunning is to get some musty meat  
To feed the hungry maw, or ragged clothes  
To cover nakedness, proclaim us bloody tyrants?  
These are they

Whose strange distractions guided by the voice  
Of two or three, proclaim a traytors death:  
Now save him strait, and now nor save, nor kill,  
Nor yet release him; such their frantick will.

*Skim.* The doting Priests believe 'um too:  
Death and the Devil! woo'd it not vex one's very soul  
To be arraign'd by these?  
In what a hodge podge of confusion  
Lives *Jevvy* now? Must the rough sword of War  
Be guided by the rusty hand of Peace?  
To strike but when, & where, and whom she please?  
Must we, whose noble actions have deserv'd  
Our place of Government, by countermand  
Of babling Priests be taught our lessons how,  
And when, and where, and what, and why to do?  
Have our unspotted fame traduc't by men  
Of vulgar note, by painted Butterflies  
That buz the common rumours of the time  
And know not why? Death! I could burst with rage;  
*Iehoc.* And I with laughter, to behold the State  
And kingdom rul'd by a Mecanick pate.

*Enter Lord Eleazer muffled.*

*Skim.* See where's the prologue to the bloody Scent,

*Iehoc.* Lord Eleazer muffled!

*Eleaz.* Good morrow to you both.

*Skim.* The like retor'd from both to *Eleaz.*

My Lord, this outward guise of face and gesture  
May seem to speak some inward discontent.

*Elea.* Nay more then seems my friends, for seems are shows,  
But mine is substance: would it were not so.

*Iehoc.* We will be sharers then my *Eleazer*.

*Eleaz.* Nay must, *Iehochanan*, and deep ones too,  
So deep, I fear, your patience will not bear it.

*Skim.* It must be deeper than destruction then.

What e're it be, 'tis of some it.

*Eltaz.* You are betray'd:

There's strict inquirie made to apprehend ye:  
The City Gates are barr'd, and strait commands  
On pain of death, that no man dare to stand  
In opposition.

*Skim.* We did expect no less.

*Elea.* Occasions of importance call me hence;  
Nor woo'd I be discovered in your company:  
What the event will be I know not yet;  
But fear your lives are aim'd at.

A fitter time shall give a fairer scope  
To my discourse and counsel, So fare ye well. *Exit Elea.*

*Iehoc.* Our love and thanks go with thee.

*Skim.* How think'st thou now, *Iehochanan*?  
Have I not trac't the Blood-hounds at the heels?  
Stand'st thou amaz'd? why, didst not thou expect  
The fatal blow?

*Iehoc.* *Skimeon*, I did; nor do I fear to know  
What I have heard; the Message unto me  
Is but a tale twice told, whose second part  
Was told by him, the first by mine own heart.  
Unto a soul whose unprepared mind  
Dreams not of danger when afflictions comes;  
How terrible the ylook! the sudden chance  
O'rewhelms the frame of Nature with distraction.  
But to a man whose resolution stands  
Unmov'd 'twixt floods of danger and despair,  
Whose sturdy stomach beats the Billows off  
With Arms of constancy, when every thought  
Proves traitor to the breast that gave it life;  
To him no mischief fate can strive to do,  
But boldly is embrac'd, and scorn'd at too.  
And such am I.

*Skim.* I do embrace thee, and with equal courage  
Stand arm'd for all events.

[*Enter Officers, &c.*  
*apprehend them.*]

*Officer.* By the High Priests sacred power and strict command  
We apprehend ye both as traitors to the State of Jewry.

*Iehoc.* We do obey. Know'st thou where *Eleazer* is? [They deliver

*Offic.* We met him even now hard by the Synagogue. *their weapons.*]

*Skim.* Befriend us with a Messchger that may  
Intreat him come and speak with us; we shall  
Reward you for your pains.

*Offic.*

*Offic.* It shall be done my Lord.

*Exeunt:*

*Enter Eleazer.*

The City up in Arms, *Agrippa* fled,  
The Roman Legate slain, and Rulers banish'd;  
Our sacred Father in the Royal throne,  
And we his Son next in succession;  
What can we wish for more? but soft,  
This day our Jewish Captains are arraign'd:  
Now *Eleazer* is the nick of time,  
That thy aspiring thoughts may bravely mount  
To Jewish Scepter.

How my distemper'd doubts disturb my brain,  
Puzzle my will, excruciate my soul;  
Distract my judgement----! O thou sacred thirst  
Of swelling honor! with what powerful aw  
Thou rul'st our erring actions!

Be wary *Eleazer*, and foresee  
What chiefly may oppose or further thee.  
If these Commanders dye, where's then thy hope  
Of their united Power? No, that must not be,  
Their lives are precious, and preserv'd by mine assistance,  
Tyes them fast in strength and secrecy.  
It shall be so.

*Enter Mess.*

By this time our Father's preparing to the Judgement---:  
I must away to meet with him.

*Mess.* My honor'd Lord, the Lord *Iehochanan*, with due respect unto  
your Lordship desires you come and speak with him.

*Elea.* Tell him, we will be with him instantly.

'Tis as I could wish it, to be sent for too!

If I can bring them off, I make them sure mine own.  
I will go visit them. *Exit.*

*Enter Mechanicks.*

1. *They say the Captains shall be rain'd to day.*

2. *Neighbor Oliver! but how do they rain um? can ye tell?*

1. *Marry Neighbor I will tell ye; and for your better destruction, and more  
plain and pernicious understanding in the matter, I will divide my speech into  
fixen several Sects.*

2. *Mercy upon us! hold Neighbor, hold; by no means, I pray; she deris-  
on will be too long of all conscience, and I shall never remember what contains to  
the Discourse: Let it be but two-fold Neighbor, and I shall reprehend it much  
better.*

*1. Kory*

1. Very good Neighbor Timothy, it shall; and I will so handle the matter, that the whole Discourse shall be derided between you and I.

2. I marry, that will do passing well.

1. Hum-um, mark neighbor, and medigate upon the matter.

2. I warraēt yee Neighbor.

1. Why look ye Sir,

You are the Benefactor, and I am the Iudge:

Now Sir your Benefactor is invited to appear before your Iudge,

And to answer to such objections as he shall be justly excused for:

Now sir am I to hear and excuse you of the crime,

And to examine and commend your defence;

And you to accuse your self of all that is alledged against you.

2. Peace Bully, peace; here comes the Iudger.

1. Mas! here they come indeed! by and by come your Benefactors: I warraēt yee.

Enter the High Priest, and Eleazer his Son talking in secret with him: Gorian Priest, and Joseph his Son, with Attendants: the High Priest ascends the Chair; the other three sit below.

H. Priest. Bring forth the Prisoners.

A Bar set, and the  
Jehochanan and Skimeon, we do accuse Prisoners brought  
ye both of treason against the state of in.  
Jewry.

Besides, we have been true inform'd, and that not by the mouth of one, but many, that those imperious dignities which we out of our pious love conferr'd upon you, you have most foul abus'd, by which our sacred Laws are violate, and we (though innocent) yet stand deprav'd.

Jehoc. It was, and is the custom 'mongst the Jews, That the Delinquent, how e're guilty, yet He fairly should enjoy the priviledge Of his Accusers opposition. Nor do I doubt that your obsequious care And zealous charity can derogate So much from nobleness, as to deny Vs fair proceedings.

H. P. What by our sacred power we can, we will.

Skim. First then, we shall desire to be inform'd Who our Accusers are, and what the ground Of our impeachment.

Next we request the freedom of our speech;

That

That we may fairly quit our selves so far as truth And our unspotted innocency require.

H. P. We grant thee both. Read their Accusations.

[Roads.] 1. First, you are indicted for a rebellious Muteny against the State of Jewry.

2. Next, of a most inhumane murder executed upon the Roman Legates.

3. Thirdly, of High treason against AGRIPPA your lawful Sovereign.

L. Jeho. Wee'l answer brief to all.

That we have slain the Roman Lords, 'tis true; But with what fervent love & zeal unto your selves, And to the State of Jewry, may appeare, Most sacred Priest, by our submissions:

For had our loves prov'd traytor to the State.

Or to thy sacred self in this attempt,

We had by our command sufficient power

To have oppos'd both thee and that:

But our intents were fair,

'Tis not unknown with what a heavy weight

Of sad oppression wretched Jewry stood,

Basely subjected, till by us made free.

And call you this Rebellion?

But when I call to mind that mungril Prince,

That sacriligious thief; that any thing,

Saving the sacred Name of Sovereign:

That Bastard-Issue, sprung from Herod's Race,

Of low descent in blood, obscure and base:

Not once regarded till by Caesar's Power

A snatch't the Royal Scepter----

H. P. No more of that.

We gave thee no Commission to revile

Nor hadst thou power to kill, nor yet to save

Those Roman Legates: What by thee was done

Without our leave was flat Rebellion.

Nor is this all we do object against ye.

Read the Petition.

[One reads.]

A humble Petition from the griev'd Commons for the execution of justice upon the two seditious Captains, Jehochanan and Skimeon.

Skim. The common bawling Curs? O heaven! must we be weigh'd with them? with their simplicity? Death! I disclaim from their Mechanick spleen, and this ignoble tryal.

H. P. Read out the grievances in the Petition--

Skim. Sir, I will hear no further.

H. P.



H.P. Boiles your hot blood so high with our preferment:  
 We'll quench the fire, and then the heat will swage.  
 We here dismiss thee of thy place of Government:  
 Now Sir ye are a private man, and we  
 Have sacred Power, and sole Authority  
 To save or kill. And, for we will not dive  
 Too deep into your warlike cruelty,  
 Nor lean too much to private lenity;  
 For thy rebellion and thy bold affront  
 We doom thee banishment:  
 We give thee three dayes liberty for thy departure:  
 And do command thee here on pain of death  
 Not to approach within our sacred walls, nor yet *Judea's* confines

*Slm.* I must, I do obey.

*Exit.*

H.P. And for you *Iehochanan*, upon submission of your self to us, we  
 do release thee: But we charge thee, as thou lovest thy life and li-  
 berty, thou give us not henceforward any cause of just proceed-  
 ings: So we dismiss thee.

*Iehoc.* My humble thanks unto your sacred Power: Nor do I crave more  
 21 favour at your hands then I shall strive henceforward to de-  
 serve. [*Exit and exeunt Officers*

H.P. Now we are private. O *Ierusalem!* and *Attendants.*]

Is thy decrepid Age already come!  
 Or art thou hastned by untimely means  
 To end thy dayes of honor?  
 Is't not strange, that we  
 Have sacred power to touch their cruelty,  
 Yet dare not strike!  
*Iehochanan* we know as deep in blood as *Skimeon*,  
 Both equal guilty; yet should both be banish't.  
 Their equal strength, united with their will,  
 May much endanger us; mean while we stand  
 As friends with one that we may both command.  
 Weep *Gorion*, weep, or else our hearts will break,  
 Our eyes will tell more then our tongues can speak.  
 But I have done, the times are so extreme  
 VVe have not leisure to lament our state;  
 Our sudden danger summons us to sit  
 In counsel strait to take some speedy course  
 About our safety.

*Go.* Heaven give a blessing to our fair proceedings. [*A table brought,*

H.P. How truly doth experience teach us now,  
 That fear once grounded in a Commonwealth,  
 Proves oftentimes hereditary.

The

The common rumor of *Vespasian's* Host  
 Strikes terror to the people. O the power  
 Of this distracted fear! Even death it self  
 Appears not half so terrible: But we trifle time.  
 We are inform'd by sure intelligence,  
 That he intends within these three dayes space  
 Set footing in *Judea*: How appointed  
 Yet we know not; but to be suppos'd  
 In all points like unto *Vespasian*.

O *Gorion*, how methinks that Name  
 Begets abortive twins of horrid grief  
 Within this breast of mine! Those streams of blood  
 Which by that fatal hand were lately spilt,  
 Bleeds fresh within my soul.

*Cor.* So would they do in mine if not repeld:  
 To grieve our selves with what's impossible  
 To be repeld, is to desire to be  
 More wretched then we are.

*Io.* 'Tis true; it such is Nature that it strives to know  
 It self in wretchedness, how truly we  
 Acquire the center of our misery.

H.P. Well, No more of this; now to our present business,  
 That you are zealous for your countries good  
 I rest assur'd: Nor do I doubt your care  
 And actual courage in a fair defence:  
 Such I have ever deem'd ye.  
 Nor do I fear but I shall find ye now  
 The same. Now your attentions, then your fair assents  
 To what I have to utter.

To broach a war, and not to be assur'd  
 Of certain means to make a fair defence,  
 How e're the ground be just, may justly seem  
 A wilful madness: Such is *Jemries* case.  
 Are not our Towers defac't! our Walls unbuilt?  
 Our Forces weakned, and our treasure spent?  
 Our country ruinate, our people too  
 Imbroile in native blood? O *Gorion* see,  
*Judea* wars with *Rome*, *Rome* with the world,  
 The world is conquer'd, and yet *Jemry* stands  
 In opposition: Is not this to be  
 Our own tormenters in self-cruelty?

*Go.* We know the weakness of our State, to be  
 Vnable to resist, yet know no how  
 To yeeld, or not to yeeld, or what to do:

C

The

The furious tempest drives us on the Rocks  
Of Forreign and Domestick Enemies:  
The raving multitude will not endure  
To pay the Roman-tribute.

*Elea.* VVhere common dangers meet with equal power,  
It stands not with our Honors to expose  
Our lives and fortunes to a base repulse.

*H.P.* VVe will proclaim it death to him that dares  
Deny the tribute Money.

*Iosep.* That were to blow the fire that burns so hot already,  
Such is our fate that we are forc't to fight  
VVith Rome, or with our selves.

*H.P.* Since so it is, we will not sheath our sword  
In our own bosom; we will rather dye  
By Roman sword, then native butchery.

*Elea.* Bravely resolv'd; nor do I doubt to see  
*Iudea's* ruins, loss and poverty  
Made good again with loss of Roman blood.

*Mess.* Peace to this sacred Meeting, but to *Iudea* bloody wars: [*Enter* *Vespasian* with ten thousand horse, and forty thousand foot is now arriv'd.

*H.P.* Hast thee immediate to *Iehocanan*, bid him proclaim *Vespasian* coming, command him in our Name to muster up his forces, and to attend your further pleasure.

*Mess.* I shall my Lord.

*H.P.* Is it possible, already come! we must be speedy then in our designs.

*Iosep.* 'Twere best with speed to send Embassadors  
To crave a truce for some small time whilst we  
Prepare our selves in fair hostility.

*Elea.* Shame blast thy tongue, shall *Iewry* seek  
To Heathen Nation? Let their venom burst  
Into the worst of malice; we will stand  
In terms of equal Honor.

*Go.* Thy judgement *Eleazer* is too rash,  
Thy youthful blood boils fury in thy breast  
And captivates thy reason unto passion.

*Elea.* *Gorion* I tell thee --

*Iosep.* *Ioseph* tells thee first,  
That if thou blast my Fathers tongue with shame  
As thou hast blasted mine, may *Ioseph* lose his Name  
Of sacred Priesthood; but --

*H.P.* I do command you cease, the blood of strife  
Begins already to seize our sacred streets:

I there-

I therefore will assign to each by Lot  
His several command, nor will my self stand free,  
But bear a part in this hostility.

VVe will, even in the period of our age  
Grow strong again, inflam'd with holy rage  
Of our dishonor. VVithin there, bring forth the Lots.

*Elea.* To me the country of the *Edomites*.

One brings. Let, they  
draw and open them.

*Iosep.* To me *Galilee*.

*H.P.* To us *Ierusalem*.

*Go.* To all success from Heaven, may each man be  
Inspir'd with holy Zeal and Chivalry.

Exeunt omnes.

*Finit Actus Primus.*

## ACT. II.

*Incipit Actus Secundus, Scena Secunda.*

*Sound Drums, and enter VESPATIAN and TITUS his Son: VALERIO and NICANOR, two Captains, with others.*

*Vesp.* **VALERIO.**

*Val.* My gracious Lord.

*Vesp.* Since now we are thus happily arriv'd  
VVithin *Iudea's* Confines, March thou  
To *Galilee*, say we offer peace  
To *Iewry's* Priests from Rome's great Emperor;  
But on thy life take heed thou speak us not  
Intoo rough Language: Let thy milder phrase  
Sute thy Embassy with a pleasing stile,  
Adorn'd with powerful Eloquence;  
Yet with such graceful brave aspect, that thou  
Eclips not Roman Honor,  
The *Iews* are stout and lofty, therefore Art  
Shall give the first Alarm: If they refuse,  
Let then our Roman Eagle be displaid  
VVith all her sable Feathers, soaring high  
O're sad *Iudea's* desolation.

*Val.* My Lord I shall obey.

*Exit.*

*Vesp.* Is the Ammunition safely landed?

*Titus.* My Lord it is, and brought from *Antioch*, within a dayes journey  
of *Gamala*.

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*Vesp.*

*Vesp.* See it be safely stow'd, and let our Iron Rams be strongly fitted for the battery.

*Ni.* It shall be done.

*Vesp.* I'll make this sturdy Nation's greatness stoop To Rome's command, or spend my aged blood In the Attempt.

See there be store of strong Scaladoes too;  
VVe'll force their breaches in, despite of death,  
And raze their sacred buildings to the ground.  
Lead on to Galilee.

*Enter ZARECK.*

*Zare.* To be a piece of walking clay, a thing  
VWhole highest happiness hath ever been  
To keep it self alive, and that life too  
Not for it self preserv'd, but others; is  
To be worse then a Beast; for they  
(However miserable in effect)  
Yet live contented, void of Reasons eye;  
They cannot see nor feel their misery.  
To be a man whose wretched life is fraught  
As full of fears as minutes; whose calamities  
The world laments, and yet not know his plague,  
Is to be happy: Why should Nature give  
More privilege to beast then man?  
Lives there a Deity whose powerful hand  
Moves the great Module of this Universe;  
And can this be? Soft, Who comes here---*Jehochanan*---  
I will withdraw my self.

*Enter JEHOCHANAN.*

The Letter shall be writ immediately;  
I but the means, the trusty means to send it:  
For to begin a work of such importance,  
And in the midst, even when the brave design  
Grows ripe with action, to be jaded then  
Woo'd prove a piece of policy to be  
Laught at by School-boys. VVhat a secret maze  
Of hidden danger may the working brain  
Securely trade in, if not guided by  
The wary judgement! Certainly there is  
More crafty wiles and ambiguities  
VWithin this secret trade of villany.  
Then in the world beside: something must be done  
With speed and safety.  
If I reveal the secret to a man

*Zareck blows the Wind  
in that Door.*

VVhose.

Whose frighted soul strikes from the undertaking,  
I loose my self for ever; and to be  
Assur'd in this, is impossible.

Since then the weighty project must depend  
Vpon uncertainty, advise *Jehochanan*  
Vpon some secret way, whose circumstances  
Bar apparent danger---Stay, that must not be;  
To break it to a near Ally,  
Were to invite his zealous charity

To countermand the Plot. No---I must find a man  
Whose pining carcase wearied out with wo,  
Gapes after Gold; there---there must be the pill  
To work it.

*Zare.* If my genius fail me not, I am the man: I'll shew my self. [*a part.*

*Jehoc.* Well, I'll about it---ha!

There stands a fellow whose deject Estate  
Proclaims him truly wretched; cruel Fate  
Looks frowningly upon him: what a troop  
Of sorrows muster in his face, and yet

He looks methinks as if a did despise  
His present Fortune: I'll try what's in him.  
Come hither fellow, why didst thou gaze even now  
With such a serious eye on those despised rags?

Yet these (how e're despis'd) will not afford

A ragged answer to resolve your doubts;  
This ruin'd outside may for ought you know  
Have a fair inside: Did your Lordship think  
That that was tatter'd too:

Why what have you to do to question me?

Should I have ask't your Lordship what even now  
Your brains were busied on, you would have call'd  
Me sawcy fellow for my pains, I'm sure.  
And yet behold, Nature hath been to me  
As freely loving in distributing

Her sundry gifts, as she hath been to you;  
My Limbs right shap't, my faculties endu'd  
With as much vigor as the best of yours;  
My thoughts as free; nor is my will confin'd  
With straighter limits then another's is:

VVhence then the difference? Is't because I wear  
These ragged Robes? why these do clothe me too;  
Yours do no more, nay not so much perhaps;  
For these (however poor) yet keep me warm

[*a part.*

*Jehoc.*

Jehoc. I have not seen such boldness in such distress.

[apart.]

I'll yet try him further.

Why thou despised wretch, thou pittifull  
Patch't piece of misery, made for nothing else

5 But to be pointed at? thou nasty thing,  
Whose noisome favour poisons those that meet it:  
How dar'st thou be so impudent?

Za. But that I do desire to vex thee more,  
I would not answer thee:

10 I dare! did I but know the way to doo't, vex thee to death;  
And (for I know 'twill ease thee now to rail)  
I'll leave thee to thy self.

Jehoc. I prethee stay, by this light I do love thee beyond expression.

Za. How should I know that?

Jehoc. Do but come back, and I will give thee proof of my affection:  
Thy Name?

Comes back.

Za. ZARECK.

Jehoc. Take that, and if thou dar'st but do what I command, Gives him  
Thou shalt not want preferment.

20 Za. 'Tis Gold! If I dare do! if perform not what's in man to do,  
Let me be curs't into more misery than I have endur'd.

Jehoc. Canst thou be secret too?

Za. I can be any thing.

Jehoc. Hark then, and take a weighty secret from me,  
Thou know'st L. Skimeon?

Za. Very well.

Jehoc. Hast heard the time, the manner in each circumstance  
Of his late banishment?

Za. I have.

30 Jehoc. And yet thou seest that I have freedom. Now mark:  
The fawning Prelates under fair pretence  
Of love and liberty, intend my ruine;  
My life's aim'd at Zareck.

35 Which (for they dare not publickly attempt,  
Fearing the Commons which on my side stand)  
They'll act in private; but Jehochanan  
Will live in spight of all their policy.

Thou know'st the City Gates are slightly kept,  
This third succeeding night I have design'd

40 Lord Skimeon's entrance with ten thousand men:  
This briefly shall acquaint him with the plot  
Which thou shalt carry; but as thou lov'st thy life,  
Be secret Zareck.

Writes.

Za. Silence it self shall not be more my Lord.

Jehoc. This done, return again with expedition.

And

And then---I, there's the master-piece indeed,  
The Gates, the City-Gates must be surpriz'd.

Za. Let me alone for that.

Jehoc. The watchmen must be murder'd Zareck, and I fear  
Least in revealing of the plot to many  
We be discover'd.

Za. Not for a world.

Jehoc. How then?

Za. I'll doo't my self.

Jehoc. Thy self! thou canst not.

Za. Tush, fear not my Lord:

The drowsie watchmen in the dead of night  
(void of suspicion) will be taken napping.

Jehoc. Dar'st thou attempt it then alone?

20 Za. Rest you secure, if I perform it not  
I lose my self, you stand still undiscovered.

Jehoc. Well, I will build upon thy trusty resolution.

Enter a Messenger.

Jehoc. To whom thy Message?

Mess. Vnto you my Lord.

25 The sacred Priesthood greets you well, and doth command you  
muster up your Forces ready to attend their further pleasure.

Jehoc. It shall be done.

Exit Mess.

Vespasian is at hand, and we have power  
To raise our Forces; what a blessed hour  
This Message came in! Skimeon let in,  
Our Forces joind; the Citizens will turn  
tous for fear: Now Zareck play thy part,  
And I will hug thee for thy precious Art.

Exeunt.

Enter JOSEPHUS and Captains.

30 Joseph. What think ye Soldiers, is not Jewry mad  
to wage a war with such a potent Prince  
Whose territories do extend as far  
As Britain, and the Kingdom of the Gauls.

1 Cap. I fear the factious Commons are seduc't  
And gatherhead against the sacred priests.

35 Joseph. 'Tis to be fear'd indeed: I wonder much  
The Messenger returns not from Jerusalem:  
The News is certain that Vespasian means  
To give the first assault to us in Galilee;  
We must be therefore sudden in our actions:

40 I muse what good effect our Letters take.  
1 Cap. See here my Lord, the Messenger.

Joseph.

*Josep.* Of peace I hope, so it may stand with honor,  
thou com'st in happy time, we shall  
reward thy pains and care.

*Mess.* My Lord, about to deliver your Letters to the sacred Priesthood,  
I was prevented by Jehochanan, and dispatcht away with this unto  
your Lordship. *Delivers the Letter, and exits.*

*Josep.* Our Letter's intercepted all's not wel I fear. *Opens the Let. & reads*  
*Josephus, we have received thy Letters, and know not whesher we may*  
*question thy wisdom or thy valour; we will at this time censure neither,*  
*but leave them to a further tryal of thy actions: But on thy life take*  
*heed thou treat not with Vespasian for a peace. So fare thou well, or*  
*ill, which thou deservest:* *Jehochanan.*

Call'd Coward to my face! Oh heaven  
Bear witness now with what disdainful scorn

I entertain that title!  
Jehochanan thou lyest, and wou'd to Heaven I were  
Within the distance of this trusty Blade  
to make it good: Death! have I outliv'd my reputation?

*Cap.* Nay good my Lord.

*Josep.* Indeed I trifle time, we have no leisure to be passionate.

You see in what a maze of misery  
the State of *Jewry* stands; if therefore we  
Will prize our Honours, or our Countreys good,  
we must with resolution bid defiance to *Vespasian*.

*Josep.* If we embrace a peace, we raise a war  
Amongst our selves; and so we make a breach  
For Rome to enter: Hark! hark! *Vespasian* is at hand: *[Drums beat*  
Courage brave Soldiers, let not *Rome's* command *asur off.*  
Abate your valours; make speed to muster up your Forces;  
*Josep.* to-morrow early e're the break of day,  
I mean to give them battel. *Exeunt.*

*Enter an Herald, and VALERIO with a white Flag; the*  
*Herald summons the town to a parley, is answered; and enter*  
*IOSEPH and Captains upon the wall.*

*Valerio.* To thee the chief Commander of this place,  
And to the rest, my Master bid me say  
He sends this Flag of Peace, and wills thee pay  
the wonted tribute to the Roman-State: this done,  
A doth command thy late subjection.

*Josep.* Bold Roman tell thy Master we defie  
His proud Commands nor will Judea pay  
The wonted tribute: Bid *Vespasian* come

Him-

Himself, and do his Message.

*Val.* Rebels take heed, if great *Vespasian* come,  
He comes in blood.

*Jo.* Proud Roman, tel thy Master, *Joseph* scorn  
to parley with a meaner then himself;  
tell proud *Vespasian*, that *Judea* stands  
In equal terms of honour with his Lord.

*Val.* Jew, thou' repeat this arrogance.

*Jo.* Roman, I tell thee, ere this Holy Land  
Shall yeild obedience to the Roman yoke,  
*Joseph* will make the Roman Eagle rotter.

*Val.* Rebel farewell, when next we meet, I'll try  
How well thou canst maintain this bravery. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Vespasian, Titus and Captains, with Drums and Colours.*

*Vesp.* How far are we now from *Jorpat*?

*Tit.* Within the distance of a League my Lord.

*Vesp.* What think ye Souldiers, shall we be receiv'd in peace?

*Nica.* My Lord I doubt it.

*Vesp.* Well, how ere it be, we are prepar'd.

*Tit.* I give to thee the sole Command

Of the right wing; to thee the left, *Nicanor*.

My self will stand betwixt ye both,  
that I may see your equal Valour strive  
For equal Honor in the Victory.

*Tit.* My Lord---*Valerio!*

*Vesp.* Welcome *Valerio*, com'st thou in peace?

*Val.* My Lord prepare to fight,  
the sturdy Citizens intend this night  
to bid you battel.

*Vesp.* What! are they stil so stout?

By Heaven I'll scourge their pride.

*Val.* My Lord, I saw them troop upon the hill,  
Not two mile distant: Hark! their Drums do beat,  
they march. *Drums beat asur off.*

*Vesp.* Courage my Roman Souldiers, let me see  
this day your brave attempts for *Rome* and me.

They come: *Valerio*, make good the Vanguard.

*Val.* I shall my Lord.

*Enter Joseph and Captains, with Drums and Colours.*

*Jo.* What mean'st thou Roman, to disturb our peace?  
*Vesp.* Rebel, I do command thee kneel in *Cesar's* name.

10. Command thy slaves, for Joseph scorns to bend  
Were Cesar here himself.

*Titus.* How's that?

Jo. *Titus* I tell thee, Joseph is a Prince,  
Deputed for the State of Gallies,  
Royal in Blood; and Cesar is no more,  
Nor thou so much.

Vesp. Com'st thou to brave it out bold Jew, with words?  
Wee'll shew thee deeds to prove our Honors by; *Draws*  
10 And when thou seest our pedigrees made good  
Write thou thine own descent in Roman blood.

*Drums beat, and exeunt.*

*They fight within, and enter Titus and Joseph at several doors, they fight: Joseph retires: And enter Vespasian wounded in the Leg with an Arrow.*

*Titus.* How fares my Father?

Vesp. Lead me aside *Titus*, I am hurt.

*Exeunt. Leads him out.*

*Enter Valerio and Nicanor.*

Val. The fight was bravely man'd on either part:  
Pray Heaven the General be well.

Nica. I saw his silver tresses circled round  
With troops of Souldiers, till his valiant Son  
Bravely reliev'd him.

Val. The Jewish Captain bravely stood it out,  
10 Even when his ranks had left him:  
Didst thou not see him when he was begirt  
With troops of Romans, with what brave advantage  
A still maintain'd the fight? and then, even then  
When death stood gazing on him, and his men  
25 Adjudg'd him lost, through what a bleeding Lane  
A bravely made his way, and so escap't?

Ni. This way a took; come let's pursue the chase. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Joseph wounded, leaning upon his Sword.*

Jo. This way, or that? is't so? then I have caught my selfe, and  
must take neither. So--- I must obey--- *Lies down.*

30 Lye there thou wretched carcass, and prepare  
thy self for dissolution. O Heavens! see  
the strange desires of base Mortality.  
Canst thou desire to live, thou wretched Earth,

And see thy Honour dye? O misery  
Beyond expression.

*Enter Josephs two Captains.*

1 Cap. This way our Leader took.

2 Cap. See where he lyes.

1 Cap. How fares my Lord?

Joseph. Even as the Lyon fares,  
When strong entangled in the Hunters toil,  
A chases his Royal heart with rage, to see  
Himself intrapt.

10 1 Cap. My Lord, we are persu'd even at the heels, *Cry within, follow, follow, follow.*  
Shift for your life.

Joseph. Away and save your selves, my wounds will not give leave.

1 Cap. Come, we will bear you hence.

Joseph. Your hands, stay:

15 Within this Vale there is a secret Cave,  
Whose private entrance now o'regrown with moss,  
Will hardly be discern'd: Lead me to that.

1 Cap. Happily thought of.

*They enter the cave.*

*Enter Titus, Valerio, Nicanor.*

Titus. 'Tis beyond my understanding which way their General hath  
20 escap't us.

Val. And mine too, my Lord; but sure I am a cannot be far hence:  
Nor can a long continue where a is:  
Unless Camellion like a seeds on air.

Ti. Well, hee's a noble fellow; if thou find'st him *Valerio*, use him  
25 with equal honor to his worth.

Val. My Lord I shall.

Ti. Tell him on the faith of great *Vespasians* Son,  
A shall be gently us'd. So fare thee well, I with thee good success.

Val. My Lord I shall obey.

*Exit Titus.*

30 What course shall we take now, *Nicanor*?

Ni. Troth we may wink and chuse; our first and second course  
is all but Sallets: Phylick, Phylick *Valerio*, most inexpressible Phylick;  
why I have walkt my self into such an abstract of abstinence that I  
can relish ye the distinct nourishment of the thicker, thinner, and more  
refined air, and shall in time, no doubt, attain to the perfection of the  
Camelions diet.

Val. Prethee be serious now,  
And lets pursue the search.

Ni. Content; but by this hand I swear  
I will endure no longer then this night.

Exit.

Enter the two Captains out of the Cave.

- 1 Cap. Death, I am almost starv'd,  
My hungry maw devours my vital blood.
- 5 What is to be done?
- 2 Cap. To make escape's impossible;  
We are begirt with Romans round about.
- 1 Cap. Death, shall we dye like Dogs?
- 1 Cap. No, in despite of hunger, we will dye like men. *Draws.*
- 10 Here, take this weapon, and despatch me first. *takes the weapon.*
- 1 Cap. Stay, swear to be constant in the brave performance.
- 2 Cap. I do, do thou the like. *Kisses the Sword.*
- 1 Cap. I vow the same: we are agreed.  
And now in honour to our brave farewell,
- 15 Wee'll kill our Captain first.
- 2 Cap. Content, let's call him out.
- 1 Cap. What, ho, Joseph, come forth, prepare thy self to dye. *(Joseph comes out with his*
- Jo. Are we discovered? *weapon drawn.*
- 2 Cap. Yes, hunger has spy'd us in her grannam's den,  
And sent her Sister Famine to devour us
- 20 Jos. What means this mad Discourse?
- 1 Cap. Know brave Commander, we have cal'd thee out  
To lead thy Souldiers in the march of death.  
As thou hast liv'd, so thou shalt bravely dye,  
thou art the Prologue to our tragedy.
- We mean to kill thee; therefore prepare thy self.
- Jos. Villains ye dare not.
- 1 Cap. Dare not--- *Offers a thrust at him.*
- Jos. Hold---ask counsel first of Heaven, & tel me then
- 30 Which of your bold rebellious tongues dare speak  
So fowl a word: O ye wretched fools!  
Where is that better part of man become,  
whose nobler Nature hunger cannot touch,  
that can endure to feel the Carcase pine,  
Yet scorn to yeild, till by a power Divine  
It's summon'd to obey? Lo, where's your valour now?  
Lives it within this wretched lump of earth?  
Or is it seated in the sacred soul?  
O Heavens! have we power to make  
the most despised creature breathing here?  
And shall our daring hands presume to take  
Away the noblest? For shame remember---

1 Cap.

- 1 Cap. No more, by heaven we will endure no longer:  
Thinkst thou with words to alter our intent?  
Come, prepare thy self, for we have sworn.
- Joseph. Hold---I do consent:
- 5 But let me crave a little time of truce  
To make my peace with Heaven.
- 2 Cap. We grant it thee. *Jo. prays apart.*
- Jo. I am resolv'd to dye:
- But ere I do receive the fatal blow,  
10 I do command ye by the sacred tye  
Of solemn Oaths, to grant me one request.
- 1 Cap. Except thy life and ours, we yeild to any thing.
- Jo. I do embrace your offer.
- Here, swear on your Honours to perform what I command.
- 15 Cap. We swear to do it. *They swear upon his Sword.*
- Jo. Since then our dying minutes do depend  
upon each others fatal Execution,  
to free each person from the bloody guilt  
Of wilful slaughter, I ordain by lots,  
20 Each man receive his death:  
the manner shall be this.  
Our number in the Cave is forty just,  
We will unite our selves by two and two,  
then cast by lots which couple shall dye first:  
the couple first to dye shall likewise cast  
Which of them two shall kill his fellow, then  
He that remaineth shall make choice of one  
Of the next lot to take his life away.  
This done, each may in order fairly dye  
Without the guilt of wilful butchery.
- 1 Cap. We like thy counsel well, make thou the lots,  
And let us to the Execution. *they enter the cave.*

Enter Nicanor, and Valerio.

- Ni. This search is endless, which way now Valerio?
- Va. Faith even to bed I think.
- 20 Ni. Into what secret angle of the earth  
Is this distressed Jew retired?
- Va. Hee's not above ground sure, or if a be,  
Hee's metamorphos'd to some other shape.
- Ni. Hark, what noise was that?
- Va. Your fancy sure, I heard no noise.
- 25 Ni. Prethee be still and listen. Hark,
- Groan in the Cave.*
- Groan again.*  
I have

I hear it now, let us go forward and enquire the cause.

Ni. Which way came it?

Va. That way:

Ni. Let us go soft and listen.

*They go soft along, and Exit*

*Enter Ioseph, and his fellow with weapons.*

5 Cap. Why dost thou lead me out?

Io. To kill thee if thou make resistance, thou fool---

Canst thou beleve that Ioseph means to dye

Without his Makers leave?

Canst be that hand that dares be lifted up

10 Against the power that made it,

Even by that sacred power, whose awful name

I dare not utter, tis not I fear to dye,

But to offend so great a Majesty:

Cap. Tush I will not hear thee, prepare thy self to fight,

15 I am resolv'd to dye.

Io. Be wise thou wretched man, and do not fool  
thy life away, remember who I am

that hath preserv'd thee in the lot with me,

Beware thou tempt me not too far,

20 If thou resist me, by all thats good, I vow

to kill thee, and preserve my self.

Cap. Thou hast prevaild, do with me what thou wilt,

Io. Retire we then into the Cave agen, lest we be discovered.

*They enter the Cave.*

*Enter Valerio and Nicanor agen following.*

Ni. By this light Ile follow thee no further.

25 Va. Prethee be patient lets but search this vale,

And on a Romans word we will retire,

Didst thou not hear it since?

Ni. No, or if I did I woo'd not tell thee so,

For fear we amble out another night:

30 But sure I am we are not far remote

From whence we heard it first:

Va. There's surely some enchantment in this place,

I will enquire the cause:

What ere thou art that in this shady grove

35 Do'st throud thy self from sight, whose dismal voice

Declares the story of some sad distress.

Be thou infernal feind confined here,

To dwell in darkness for a thousand year,

Or be thou some sad soul enforc't to dwell

*Within*

Within this place, till thou return to hell,

Or be thou Goblin, Fairy Elf or Hag,

Or Witch in shape of wolf that lov'st to drag

Poor infants to the den; what ere thou be

5 If thou have power to speak, I charge thee answer me.

Io. If thou wilt tye thy self by solemn vow.

*Speaks in the Cave.*

Not to discover me. I will declare

Both who, and where I am:

Ni. Art thou there old boy?

10 Va. Tye me to any thing but that, and I will grant it thee,

And swear to doo't.

Io. Art thou a Roman?

Va. I am.

Io. Swear then to bring me safe unto Vespasian.

15 Va. By all the gods I will:

Io. Tell me thy name,

Va. Valerio.

Io. Make now a Covenant 'twixt thy self and me,

That what thou hast proffessed may appear

20 Under thine hand and seal.

Write that thou wilt conduct both me and mine

In safety to thy Lord Vespasian.

*Writes, and reaches it to him on the end of his*

Va. To give thee satisfaction I will doo't:

*Lance, and then Io.*

Where art thou now?

*and the Capt. comes out.*

25 Io. Here.

*Opens the Cave.*

Doo'st thou not know me Roman?

Va. Art thou that brave Commander of the Jews,

Whose Martial Prowess Rome doth so admire?

30 Io. Lo I am he brave Roman that have stood

The furious shock of my distressed fate;

Behold me now, and whilst thou lookst upon

This lump of earth captiv'd to thee and Rome,

Know then that Ioseph dares, but cannot dye,

Our sacred Law forbids such cruelty.

35 Va. By all the eyes of a true Roman word,

Thou art nobly welcom:

Ni. Welcome to us both.

Io. To both my equal thanks,

N. Where are the Souldiers that escaped with thee?

40 Io. Dead all, save this, whom I desire you both

To favour as my special friend, and one

Whose valour may deserve your love:

The circumstances of the others loss

We will refer untill some sifter time.

*Va.*



Va. Let it be so.

Come my brave Souldier, great Vespasian's son  
Will joy to see thee safe.

Exeunt

Sound Musick, and enter a Dumb Shew. Vespasian and Titus two Souldiers follow bearing a Crown, Vesp. conferreth with Titus, then enter Valerio and Nicanor with Ioseph and the Cap. they present Ioseph to Vesp. Ioseph kneels, Vespasian and Titus embrace him, Valerio and Nicanor whisper with the Souldiers, take the Crown of them, and present it kneeling to Vespasian, he refuseth twice, they draw and force him to ascend and take it; Titus kneeleth, Vespasian embraceth him: Ioseph takes leave of Titus and the rest, and exit with Vespasian, and the Captains consult, and exeunt at the other doors.

Chorus. Rome's great Commander, Nero, lately dead,  
Behold, now good Vespasian's aged head  
Enjoies the Diadem, conceive him now  
Arriv'd at Rome there with a solemn vow  
Of bloody war, he raiseth fresh supply  
to aid his valiant son in Galile:  
Ioseph is sent to Rome by Cæsars son,  
there lives a captive till the wars begun  
Against Ierusalem, mean time we pray  
Let pleasing musick charm the time away.

Finis Actus Secundus.

Incipit Actus tertius, Scena secunda.

Enter Zareck, with Ieho. Letter.

The time steals on apace, I must be brief in my delivery.  
Knock, within. Who knocks?

Za. A servant to the Lord Ichochanan,

Serv. Your business?

Za. 'Tis private to your Lord,

Serv. I will inform him so:

Enter Skimeon.

Skini. From whom thy business?

Za. Read this my Lord, and you shall be resolv'd.

Skim. My Lord, multiplicity of words protract time, the third night from the date of this you shall have entrance into the City, be sudden, strong, a bold farewell.

Reads the Letter.

I shall

I shall not fail, commend me to thy Lord, and bid him rest assured of my appearance.

Exit.

Za. I will my Lord.

Skim. Farewel, be sudden, strong, and bold; Za. I will be all. Exit.  
But 'tis Ichochanan to work thy fall.

Enter Eleazer.

Elea. To be, or not to be, I there's the doubt,  
For to be Sovereign by unlawful means,  
Is but to be a slave to base desire,  
And where's my honour then?  
What a strange buzzing of ambition  
Pursues my thirsty soul?  
O Eleazer! can thy traitor breast  
Give harbour to a thought of Paricide?  
It is thy father, O the sacred tie  
Of filial duty, how that awful name  
Affrighteth all my faculties with fear ---  
With fear? --- of what? --- with foolery by heavens;  
If there be ought within this awful name  
That can extort obedience from a son,  
'Tis but the rotten Carcass, there's the thing  
That for to please its self begets another,  
So does a beast, and yet 'twixt them we see  
An equal freedom of society:  
As for the nobler part of man we know  
That's of a higher birth, if it be so,  
Thus low my knee shall bend, but thou my heart  
Scorn to obey, remember where thou art:  
I am resolv'd, the times are bloody, and the peoples hearts  
I hear, are bent on me: Ichochanan the man  
that I must fairly close withall, this done,  
We shall be strong for opposition.  
Soft, here a comes.

Bends his knee.

Enter Ichochanan.

Icho. My Lord Eleazer.

Elea. Ichochanan, well met.

Ie. My Lord, if without a breach of manners, I might be bold to question with your Lordship; I should desire to know the secret cause of your accustomed sadness, which good my Lord (pardon my boldness) as tender of your Lordships health and honour, I have of late observed

E

Elea.

- Elea.* O my *Iehochanan*, I know thou lovest me well [*embraces him*.  
 Nor will I in words or actions give the cause  
 To say I am unthankful, though I must confess  
 The greatest part of my requital, is  
 Too mean for thy deserts, the means *Iehochanan*,  
 I want the means to counterpoise thy worth.  
*Io.* O my gracious Lord, your love hath ever been  
 A full requital to my poor deserts:  
 But, good my Lord, the cause of this your sadness?  
*Elea.* O I have been tormented to the soul,  
 To see the strange distraction of the times,  
 To see the sacred City rul'd by those  
 Whose poor decrepid brains are sifter far  
 For drowning pillows, than for bloody war.  
*Io.* My Lord your father ---  
*Elea.* O that cheating name,  
 With what a magick spell it doth bewitch  
 The crazy judgement, and besot the soul  
 With adoration of this lump of earth?  
*Io.* You know my Lord there is a sacred tie  
 Enjoins obedience.  
*Elea.* Tush, meer policy,  
 A trick, a cheat, to keep the world in awe:  
 Death, I am vext to think how men are gull'd.  
*Io.* My Lord, I understand not what you mean,  
*Elea.* Thou canst not be so dull:  
 Is't so? I dare not utter now, what I conceive,  
 O my good Lord remember that your father --  
*Elea.* No more, by all that's good I hate the name of father. *Io.* Death,  
*Io.* Now I have found ye Sir, and must have leave *I am discover'd*  
 To tell your Lordship that you do me wrong,  
 From which of all my actions have ye pickt  
 Even but a shew of treason to the state?  
*Elea.* How? ye forget your self.  
*Io.* 'Tis you my Lord that both forget your self and me.  
*Elea.* A gen?  
*Io.* Nay I must tell ye, 'twas not for your honour,  
 Vpon the buzzing of some bare report,  
 To undermine your friend.  
*Elea.* Speakest thou this in earnest?  
*Io.* I do, and will in earnest stand  
 Against that traitor whose presumptuous hand  
 Dare touch your aged father.  
*Elea.* Vngrateful slave, the traitor I return

With

- With interest of what thou dost deserve,  
 Traytor to me, and traytor to the state.  
*Io.* This, but to play another time upon me,  
 Which ended, still *Iehochanan's* the same.  
*Elea.* Dar'st thou not stand for *Eleezer* then?  
*Io.* I neither dare, nor will:  
*Elea.* Then I dare kill thee. *They draw and fight.*  
*Io.* Hold, art thou in earnest?  
*Elea.* The to'ther bout will tell thee;  
*Io.* Swear by the honour of a loyal friend,  
 And I believe it.  
*Elea.* By heaven I swear, and by the sacred tie  
 Of settled friendship, what my words express,  
 My actions shall confirm.  
*Io.* Then thus I do embrace your love. Now my Lord,  
 What ere the project be,  
 I vow assistance and fidelity:  
*Elea.* Then take it thus,  
 Thou hast command to muster up thy forces,  
 Let it be done with expedition,  
 My doting father hath devis'd this plot  
 To cheat the Citizens, whose greedy souls  
 thirst for *Vespasian's* blood; but fearful, they  
 while thus they gull the people, mean to pay  
 the wonted tribute money, and with slavish fear  
 to crave a peace of the proud Emperour.  
 This on my life is true, but wee'l prevent it.  
*Io.* I but the means my Lord?  
*E.* To morrow morning ere the break of day  
 Muster thy forces to the market place,  
 there I will meet thee with a warlike troop  
 Of youthful Citizens, then wee'l command  
 On pain of death that none presume to stand  
 for peace, or for the payment of the tribute money;  
 this done, what's he that dares deny it.  
*Io.* My Lord, I do approve of the design,  
 But fear a potent opposition,  
 I therefore do advise, that we provide  
 Some speedy aids to give assistance to  
 Our enterprize.  
*Elea.* But how shall this be done?  
*Io.* Leave that to me, mean while be sure  
 to keep the time appointed:  
*Elea.* I will not fail, farewell *Iehochanan*.  
 Exit *Eleezer*.  
*Io.* Adieu

E 2

1c. Adew my Lord:  
 Why let the Mungril Curs go play,  
 And lordly Lions fight.  
 The braver beast shall win the day,  
 5 And so my Lord good night:  
 But I forget my self:  
 Tis now about the time the lazy watch  
 With wary steps begin to walk the round:  
 And this the night that Zareck must be here,  
 10 I will withdraw my self, for what noise is that?

Enter the Watch.

1 W. Come neighbor, come; 'tis we must stand too't when all's done.  
 2 W. I neighbour, wee'l stand to our tacklings. *Jc. The Watch, I'c  
 steal aside.*  
 I warrant ye.  
 1 What was that that went by, neighbour?  
 2 Where, where, neighbour, where?  
 1. Marry there, just there something stole along,  
 2 Was it not a spright, God blefs us?  
 1 No, no, no, 'twas nothing but a diffusion.  
 But as I was saying, neighbour; 'tis we must stand too't, because we be  
 20 not book-learn'd, as they say, they count us but unletter'd fellows, but  
 let um say what they will, we are the very legs of the Commonwealth;  
 for when we be drunk, the City reels for I'me sure.  
 2 Mas neighbour, and ye say true.  
 1 I woo'l stand too't, that a Watchman hath more torrity than a  
 25 Justice a Peace.  
 2 What wool ye neighbour, how prove ye that?  
 1 Marry thus I prove it:  
 Yer watchman (taking him in his office of prefermity) may be drunk  
 by torrity of his place, because he watches the City, and no body  
 30 watches him, so cannot your Justice. Agen, your watchman may issue  
 out, and reprehend any person for any fribolous offence, as murder,  
 or the like, and for a feeling, as they call it, let him go without further  
 excommunication, so cannot your Justice; for when the Benefactor is  
 before him, he must nilli willi reign him according to the vigour of  
 35 the Law.  
 2 How say by that.  
 1. Nay I heard my neighbour Timothy say, that if all your chief offi-  
 cers should dye in a night, your watchman should be a Justice a peace  
 himself: nay I tell ye neighbours, the depth of our places is very  
 high.  
 3 See, see.  
 1 W. Well,

1 W. Well, come let us take our stand here, we shall see some va-  
 cant fellow, rambling this way anon, I warrant you.  
 2 What must we do then neighbour?  
 1 Marry we must remit um to prison, and then ask 'um whi-  
 5 ther they were going.  
 2 But what if they run away neighbour?  
 1 Why then we must knock um down, and bid 'um stand.  
 Nay I warrant ye neighbour, I have all ye'r points of law Barbatim.  
 1 This gate neighbour (you wood 'mire to hear it)  
 10 This gate --- for I am sure I speak within my compass:  
 This gate --- Lord how the time runs away, me thinks 'twas e'ne but  
 yesterday.  
 This very Gate --- *Thunder.*  
 What was that, what was that neighbour?  
 15 2 'Twas a clap of thunder.  
 1 Mas if this weather hold, we shall have a stormy night on't.  
 Where did I end neighbour, can ye tell?  
 2 At [gate] neighbour Oliver:  
 1 Well.  
 20 Well, this very gate was directed that very night that I was made a  
 watchman, which did pronosticate (as I may say) the good service  
 that I shoo'd do here. *Thunders agen.*  
 2 Trust me truly neighbour, if this weather hold, we shall have a  
 foul night on't as you say.  
 1. 'Twas e'ne in such a night as this that my neighbour Timothy  
 and I ran away from the Constable; for I tell ye neighbour, we are  
 not to repose our selves to the danger of such seasonable weather.  
 2 Mas neighbour I'me e'ne of your minde for that, let's go get some  
 shelter.  
 1 Content, content. *Exeunt.*

*Thunder, and enter Zareck with a Rapier, and a  
 wrenching Iron.*

Za. Lye there a while till I have  
 use for thee: *Lays down the Iron, and  
 goes soft to the Gate.*  
 A, as I could wish it, this stormy night hath driven the watch away  
 Beyond my hopes; why it may now be done  
 35 With ease and safety. *Thunder.*  
 Speak lowder, lowder yet thou dreadful sky,  
 Whose flaming face speaks terror to the world;  
 The daring Zion now dares not approach  
 The craggy mountain to devour his prey.

the ravening Wolf lies lurking in his den,  
 And howls to hear this strange combustion,  
 the fatal bird of night, whose dismal voice  
 Foretels some ill event, cries now for fear:  
 Nor man, nor beast dares budg, yet unto me  
 thou art as pleasing as the rosc morn,  
 Whose lovely cheeks look smiling on the day,  
 How fit thou comest to give assistance too  
 My brave exploits for now no sooner shall  
 the thunder speak, but I will thunder too  
 upon the gates: now, now the sport begins:  
 the gates unbar'd, and Edomites let in,  
 He post immediately to the Synagogue,  
 And there relate with admiration  
 the strange effect of the late fearful thunder,  
 till I have maz'd the learned fools with wonder:  
 Agen, agen, agen, once more, and then 'tis done  
 And bravely too, without suspicion.

*It thunders, and he  
 wrenches the gate.*

*thunder agen, he  
 opens the gates.*

*Enter L. Skimeon with others, with torches, Rapiers, and a Drum.*

Za. My Lord:  
 Sk. Thou art a trusty fellow, I will reward thy pains,  
 Where is thy Lord?  
 Za. Follow me, I will conduct ye to him.

*About so go out.*

*Enter Jehochanan, and others, with torches and Rapiers.*

Je. Welcome, my dearest friend, come wee'l away,  
 And take our stand within the market place,  
 Strike up the Drum, the dreadful noise will fright  
 the drowlie Prelats in the dead of night.

*Exit.*

*Enter H. Priest and Gorion at several doors in haste, with Night-gowns  
 and rapers.*

H.P. O Gorion we are lost,  
 the Rebel Skimeon with his ragged band  
 of thieves, and Cut-throats, this tempestuous night  
 Hath gotten entrance, Jehochanan I fear  
 will joyn his forces too, speak Gorion, speak,  
 What's to be done?

Go. Wee'l take the temple for our sanctuary,  
 thither the Citiz ens will boldly come.

H.P. We must be speedy then, O Gorion, we  
 want time to weep for our calamity.

*Enter*

*Enter Mechanicks with Weapons.*

Cap. Come on my brave bilbow blades, my roaring Renegadoes,  
 and my ragged Ruffians, which side shall we take now?

1. Marry my brave Captain of the ragged Regiment, we will take  
 the strongest.

5. Cap. Mark me my valiant Mirmidons.

2. Me. Mark him, mark him.

C. I will instruct ye in the Rudiments of war;

1. M. A will instruct us rudely in the war; mark him, mark him.

Cap. When I your brave Commander bid you stand,

Be sure ye budg not, Hum, Hum, Stand:

1. M. Why so we do, don't we?

C. March up in equal rank.

2. M. We are not such fools I trow; did not a bid us stand?

1. M. I marry did a, we wont budg an inch I warrant him.

15. Cap. By the bright honour of mine Eminence  
 My reputation will be quite defac't.

I must indoctrinate their dull capacities

With a more ample measure of my meaning:  
 Advance your Bilbows thus:

*They advance.*

20. Now faces about.

*Look over their shoulders.*

C. Now Mars defend me, what a rabblement  
 Of rude disorderd Rebels have I met withall?

1. M. O ho faces about; follow me, follow me.

Cap. Well done my valiant Varlets,

Now march each man with fury in his face,  
 And I your valiant Don  
 will lead you on  
 unto the Market place.

*Enter Zareck.*

M. O ho, here comes one, knock him down, down with him.

Ca. Hold I say, he comes perhaps to joyn in our Batalio,  
 Whose side art thou on fellow? speak, why dost not speak? Ha.

Za. Your patience, and Ile declare my business.

1. Me. Patience? we scorn patience, we must march in fury.

2. M. Down with him, down with him, do's a talk of patience?

Cap. Silence, I say, ye shallow-brain'd simplicians,  
 For we are pleas'd to hear his embassie.

1. Silence, silence, and listen to the emphasis:

Apart. Za. Unless I speak in some unheard of stile  
 'Tis sure impossible to get fairly off:

Most indefatigable Commander, and cabalistical Captain of this  
 most enormous equipage.

*Cap.*

Cap. The stile is most profound, and enigmatical,

Za. From the three Captains of the Regiment

I was commanded to accost thy greatness:

Cap. Hum, hum, declare the sum of thy concernancy.

Za. I will be most concise,

By the energetical power of this my embassie, I do command thee tell why thou art up in Arms.

Cap. Thou hast concocted the crudities of my stomach into chol-  
ler, and I am displeased at thy most profuse evaporation.

Talk'st thou of commanding fellow, Hah?

Za. Mistake me not, most mighty man at Arms.

Cap. Avant thou vapour of indignity,

Go tel thy Lord, I'll parly with himself.

Za. I will return thy most elaborate encounter.

*Exit.*

Cap. Now by mine honour, I am mov'd with mighty indignation,  
and will approach in my fury: Come follow my boyes, follow.

M. Follow, follow.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ananias and Gorion with weapons, and Eleazar, Jeho. Skimeon,  
with weapons at severall doors.*

Ananias. Goodness defend me, am I awake? or do I dream of  
horror?

*Starts back at the sight of his son.*

Look up ye wretched eyes, and gaze your fill,

Glut all the greedy faculties of soul

With this prodigious sight:

Rebellious boy, I do command thee kneel:

*Elea. smiles.*

By all that's good a laughs, laughs me to scorn,

And still persists, even to my face persists  
with mockery.

Assist me heaven, and thou distressed earth,

Extend thy forces to the highest strain

Of mans invention; let this fatal hour

Extort the noblest of thine aged powr:

Ignoble, irreligious, Paricide,

Monster of men, rebellious runnagate;

By the Celestial powers severe commands,

By filial duty, and the sacred tie

Of Jewries Law, or if by none of these,

By that eternal vengeance that shall

Fall upon thy cursed head; I do command thee kneel:

Guard me ye blessed ones, and look up

*E. laughs.*

the great affliction of a poor old man.

*Elea.*

Elea. I knew the froward humor must have vent:

Now it has eas'd it self, and will not be so tutchy.

Why thou impetuous fool, canst thou expect

Obedience from a Son?

Look, look but upon thy self, and see

Of what decrepp'd age and misery

thou art compos'd: Behold the reeling State

Distracted, feeble, sick, and ruinate,

turn'd topsie-turvy by thy doating brain.

And canst thou dream of Sovereignty?

An. O my distressed Fate!

Ingrateful Cur, that hast been bred to prove

An open shame to all posterity.

Behold me wretch, and whilst thou look'st upon

A Sons Rebellion, and a Fathers wrong:

Curse the detested hour that did beguile

Thy erring soul with this pernicious plot.

Elea. Peace dotard, I will hear no more:

the rotten tooth infects the wholsom gunt,

Is noisom, painful, loose and troublefom,

Hinders the growth of that that must succeed,

And must be drawn.

*Enter Mechanicks.*

Cap. Come follow, follow my boys, follow.

Go. Welcome my worthy citizens, thrice welcom all.

Cap. Gramarcy old bully.

Go. Behold----

Sk. If ye respect your lives and liberties, hear not  
the babler speak.

Go. Behold dear countrey-men, behold a man,

Your Priest, your Prophet, and your Sovereign:

Religious, wise, and zealous for the state,

Even from his Infancy immaculate.

Cap. Be brief, be brief old boy.

Behold a Son; O heaven! why do I call

him son? behold a villain most unnatural,

A cursed wretch, that dares devise a plot

to cheat the State, and cut the Kingdoms throat.

Cap. How's that? how's that? cheaters and cut-throats, cheaters  
and cut-throats, I like not that Barlady.

Me. Look to your pockets boyes, look to your pockets, they be  
cheaters.

*Points to the  
high-priest.*

*E.*

*Go.*

Go. O can ye see those precious tears run down,  
And not be mov'd with pity?

*M. Pity! hang pity, we are Souldiers, we scorn pity.* *Ananias weeps.*

*1c. Dear friends, wife Citizens, and valiant countrey men]* *Salutes them.*

*M. I, I, let us alone for Wisdom and Valour.*

*Cap. Let the circle of thy circumference be mov'd to his proper place.*

*1 M. What dee mean? what dee mean? pray be cover'd.*

*2 M. Go not too near him Captain, for all this,  
the more curtisie, the more craft.*

*An. Ingrateful slave, dar'st thou oppose thy self 'gainst him  
that gave thee life and liberty?*

*Go. O hear him not dear friends, a will beguile  
Your honest understandings.*

*C. Beguile a pudding, speak on Jocky, speak on.*

*1c. That you are zealous for your Countries good,  
I nothing doubt; nor do I fear your love  
And fair attentions.*

*Mark then dear Countreymen, mark I beseech you,  
And with your deep discretions truly weigh  
the scope of our proceedings.*

*Cap. Hum, hum, begin my man of mettle.*

*1c. In the black tempest of a shipwrackt State,  
When Prince and People stagger'd with the load  
Of sad Oppression; when the peoples groans,  
When Mothers tears, and Infants miseries  
Were at the full; where, where was then the man  
that durst oppose this strange confusion?*

*Was it not I, my valiant Countrey-men?*

*Behold I thechanan dar'st boldly say,*

*'twas he that forc'd that bastard King from hence,*

*that slew the Roman Lords, that did deny*

*to yeild to Romes outrageous cruelty:*

*'Tis not unknown unto the meanest here:*

*M. What's that? does a make mean fellows of us?*

*1c. Mistake me not, I know ye worthy all,  
All men of judgement, wife and valiant all.*

*Yet give me leave dear friends to let ye know  
there are degrees of worth.*

*M. O ho, we mistook him, we mistook him, we are mean in worth  
that's well, that's well; go on my brave Captain.*

*1c. 'Tis not unknown I say, what heavy yokes  
Observe the word dear friends, for 'tis emphatical.*

*Cap. Very good, an emphatical yoke.*

*1c. What heavy yokes I say have been impos'd  
Vpon this injur'd Nation.*

*What loads of sorrows have been laid upon*

*Our weary loins, and yet (O heavens) to see  
With what strange patience and humility  
We have endur'd it.*

*Are not your Kings depos'd, your freedoms lost;  
Your Laws transacted, and your goods despoil'd,  
Your Wives abus'd, your children massacred,  
Your Rulers banisht, and your selves become  
A scorn to all posterity?*

*Will ye be asses still, and bear this heavy load?*

*1c. Will ye be slaves for ever? Can there be  
At least a thought of such Rapidity?*

*M. How's that! how's that! a calls us slaves and asses: ?*

*Down with him, Captain, down with him.*

*Cap. Hold, hold I say, my ragged rusticks,  
18 For his Emphasis will bear it.*

*M. His Emphasis bear it! his Emphasis's an ass,  
We scorn to bear it; down with him I say, down with him.*

*Cap. Now by the might of my omnipotence, he that dares strike a  
blow, a shall feel the fury of mine indignation.*

*20 Elea. And now dear Countrey-men behold the man,  
Your Priest, your Prophet, and your Sovereign.*

*An. Dar'st thou to boast in thy impiety?  
Skim. If ye be free-men let me hear ye cry,*

*Lord Eleazer, Life and Liberty.*

*25 All M. A Free-man, a Free-man, a Freeman; down with old gray  
beard, down with gray beard.*

*Go. Curse on that wicked hand that dares a blow  
against that sacred head; let it be seiz'd with death by a Divine revenge;  
Or let it ever be*

*30 A withered member of impiety.  
But if the wicked fury must have vent,  
Vpon my knees I beg, let it be poured out  
Vpon this head of mine.*

*O Eleazer, canst thou look upon  
the great afflictions of this good old man;  
And not be drownd in tears of penitence?  
Behold the torrent of his grief is such,  
A has not power to express his misery.*

*A has no eyes to weep no tongue to speak,  
No sence to comfort, but a heart to break.*

*Elea. Theres something in this old enchanters tongue  
that will beguile me; peace, I will hear no more.*

*Go. Then mayst thou ne're be heard of heaven.  
Behold, the highest strain of misery,*

*40 Old Gorion begs even of his enemy.*

*Elea.* Peace impotent fool, I say, I will hear no more.

*Go.* Then thou must stop thine ear, for I must speak:

*Elea.* Come Souldiers, let's away, hear not the babler speak.

*M.* No, no, no, wee'l hear no impudent old men.

*Cap.* March on my man of mettle, we will follow thee through thick and thin, up ro rhe chin

In blood, my bonny bunnings. *Exeunt omnes, but high Priest*

*Go.* Heaven give thee strength to bear this misery. *and Gorion;*

*An.* In what a labyrinth of wretchedness

*10* Dwells this forsaken City! how the streets swarm with the sons of death! the sons of death!

O may that name of son for ever dye,

And yet nought but the Name, the wretched Name:

Long may the Substance live: the Substance-----why?

*15* What is the Substance? If the Name be foul,

Farewel the rest for ever. And yer methinks it were too short a time to take so long a leave:

Stay then, what is the Substance: the Substance is my son,

Agan my son: He say it is my self,

*20* My very self divided from my self:

And then methinks 'tis wondrous strange to see

(And yet 'tis wondrous true, my self to be

A butcher to my self: And then--if it be so,

Why do I blame a Son - was it not I

*25* that gave him shape, and life, his faculties

Of will and reason: to do well or ill, are from above.

Had a been born a beast, a had been free,

From such unheard-of, cursed cruelty.

*Go.* How strongly Nature works, ere it can part

*30* With that it woo'de effect.

*An.* O Eleazer, if thou wert not mine,

I could be happy in my misery.

Thou art a villain, yet thou art my son,

My son, and yet a villain; there's a word

*35* Able to make a Fathers heart-strings crack,

*Go.* No more good man.

*An.* Strange actions I have heard have sometimes wrought strange alterations.

Were it not strange to see the Sun go back,

*40* Or borrow light of the unconstant Moon?

Were it not strange to see the Cedar bend,

And do his homage to the lowly shrub?

Or to behold the stately Lion crouch,

And stand in fear of the dejected Lamb;

If none of these may yet seem strange, behold

A thing more strange; the head must serve the heel,

The Villain Son must stand, the Father kneel.

O Gorion! if one spark of love be left

*5* In that ingrateful breast; or if there be

At least one dram of goodness yet remaining,

this act will penetrate his erring souly,

Startle his Conscience, and amaze the will,

Afright the judgement, and divert the plot,

*10* the bloody plot: O! I am lost with grief,

And do I know not what--- And yet it must be done:

Come, go with me I say, for I will kneel.

*Go.* Heaven send thee comfort in this extasie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a Carter with his whip, at one door whistling, and the Lady Miriams man, Peter, at another.*

*Peter.* What, brother Pennel, what a murren mak'st thou here.

Nay, nay, nay, I prethee leave thy whewing, and tell me

*apart.* what thou mak'st here----\* no! I'll hold a groat I'll make

ye leave anon; why firrah, if thou dost but behold what a

pittiful pernicious face thou mak'st with whistling, thou wouldst take

up stones and throw at it.

*Pen.* Take heed thou dost not whistle *Peter.*

*Peter.* Why prethee?

*Pen.* I can hardly endure thy face without it.

If thou shouldst whistle, thou wert utterly undone,

I should never forbear throwing it.

*Peter.* Well contorted faith boy.

*Pen.* Nay I can tell ye *Peter*, for wit and understanding I am not re-

generate, as they say, for my Father had as much knowledge as any

man of his understanding in the town I woo.

*Peter.* Well, well, well, I have nothing to do with knowledge and

understanding.

*Pen.* Then thou art a fool *Peter.*

*Peter.* I am won of your making then, and indeed it may well be

for they say won fool makes many: I think I was even wye there for

the fool.

*Pen.* Excellent good faith *Peter.*

*Peter.* Nay I can tell ye, I had a Father too; well, well, I know what

I know; but all's one for that. But I prethee boy tell me

what mak'st thou here? *Pen. whistles.*

By this hand if thou wilt not leave whistling,

I'll throw stones.

*Pen.*

*Pen.* Why canst not thou tell what I make here?

*Pos.* Not I as I am a Gentleman.

*Pen.* Why thou hearst I make musick bully.

*Pos.* Musick with a pox, prethee leave making Musick, and make me an answer.

*Pen.* Marry then I will tell thee what I make here:

I am come to follow the wars my boy:

They say the new Captains entertain all comers,

And I am all on fire to be at it.

*Pen.* O---methinks I could so pepper thee now.

*Pos.* Oh---oh---prethee hold, or else I shall need to be salted too: But esaieth boy, art in earnest? if thou beest, shake hands, shake hands.

*Pen.* Why thou art not run away from thy Lady too, art?

*Pos.* No---but I am sent of an everlasting Errand, and will leave the answer to my Executors: I'me for push a pike boy.

*Pen.* Stand close, stand close, here come the Captains.

*Enter Eleazar, Skimeon, and Zareck with a Paper in his hand.*

*Elea.* The Commons are in arms against us. Skimeon, And resolutely take our Fathers part;

Yet he, I hear, gives no allowance too't,

*Pen.* But thinks with fair persuasions to prevail:

But we are arm'd with resolution.

*Sk.* We must be wise my Lord; those aged hairs

Are taught by long experience to intrap

our younger brains; and this may be a plot

*Pen.* to take us at advantage.

Therefore my Lord, in time let me advise

that we encrease our forces speedily:

Let us make known the Proclamation.

*Elea.* Read the contents of it once again.

*Zareck reads.*

*Pen.* Whosoever listeth to be rid from the bondage of his Master, or hath any injury in his Country; or what servant soever desireth to be set at liberty; or who so cannot abide the rule of his father or his mother; all that be in debate, and stand in fear of their Creditors, or fear the Jews for shedding innocent blood

If there be any man that is accused of any notorious crime, & in danger therefore: To be short, whosoever is disposed to rob, to haunt Whores, to murder, and to live freely at other mens cost, let him come to me, and I will relieve him.

*Pen.* O rare! I am ravished, I am ravished, the wenches, the wenches boy

*Elea.* I do not like the Proclamation, the subject sounds too harsh, and will beget

*Pen.* Distractions in the graver Citizens.

*Skim.* Death, what need we care for that,

So we be strong for opposition.

*Elea.* Delays are dangerous, and we may be surpriz'd

Indeed upon the sudden: well---let it be done,

*Pen.* But in thy Name, for I must seem to be

Upright and zealous for their liberty.

*Enter*

*Enter the High Priest and Gorion, the High Priest kneels.*

*Ananias.* Behold young man, thy aged Father kneels;

And kneels to thee, even unto thee his Son;

And begs with tears, with tears of bitterness,

the ransom of thy soul, and of the State,

Both lost for ever, ever lost if thou persist.

*Elea.* Patience defend me, or I shall be o'recom.

*Sk.* Take heed ye be not caught.

*Elea.* Caught! is't possible for man to view this sight,

*Apart.*

this most prodigious sight, and not be caught?

*Pen.* O Heavens! Did I not hear him say a was my Father?

*Go. this passion I hope, will*

Have I not heard him beg, and seen him kneel?

Had a been Jewries slave, a could have done no more.

*work some good effect.*

Is't possible these Rivolets of blood should flow

*the Carter comes.*

From such a Fountain. Come hither fellow.

*Pet. Hee'l hang him sure.*

*Time and Maturity do seem to say*

thou mayest have been a Father to a Son:

tell me, hadst thou e're a son?

*Carr.* Had, I, and have too, an't like your Worship, or chood be zorry.

*Elea.* The power of Nature works as strong in thee

As in thy Prince; thou lov'st him too, I know.

*Carr.* By th'mas I zee your Worship's vilely cunning: I do indeed

*Elea.* Couldst thou afford upon some weighty cause,

(Suppose to save thy life) to kneel unto thy son?

*Carr.* Kads nails, kneel, I scorn that esaieth,

Chil make the Looby kneel to me, chil warrant him.

*El.* Come hither; seest thou this old man? *Carr.* Ay?

Canst thou believe this man to be my Father?

*C.* Vather ketha, no by my troth not I.

*El.* Vp thou decrepp'd lump of vanity.

thou base impostor that wouldst cheat the world,

With a supposed Name; thou beastly shame

Of Age and Honour, thou indignity

Vnto thy self, and thy Posterity.

Come, come, disrobe thy self, I say, and yeild

*Whilst he speaks, he disrobes him.*

these ornaments to him that scorns to kneel:

Here fellow, put um on; put um on, I say, for I will have it so.

Let our Proclamation be publisht.

*Z.* It shall my Lord.

*Exit Elea. Skim. and Zareck at one door, and Anna.*

*Gor. at the other, weeping, and after them the Carter whistling*

*Pet.* 'St Pennel, 'R Pennel.

The heighth of his preiement will not let him answer me,

Well, I am astonish'd to think what honor I shall come too.

*Finis Actus primus.*



Incipit Actus Quartus.

Enter Titus, Valerio, Nicanor.

- Titus.** Now fellow-Souldiers, what? Methinks ye look  
 Not smiling on *Vespasians* Son.  
 Let not the miss of your old Captain strike  
 Your manly hearts with grief: Come, come let me  
 See your cheerful countenances speak  
 My hearty welcome; Courage noble friends,  
 For know, there's not a dram of worth infus'd  
 Within *Vespasians* noble loins, but lives  
 Invested here: these lusty *Roman* veins  
 Swell high as ere did his, with hopeful pride  
 Of happy victory; this loyal brest  
 Harbours a heart as full of Clemency  
 If gently fought unto; but slighted once,  
 the daring Lyon harbours one more mild.  
 More merciful then I: I tell ye Lords,  
 I'll not expect more duty from your hands,  
 then my deserving actions truly weigh'd,  
 shall justly challenge: And be thus assur'd,  
 My aged Father thus far Ile out-do,  
 there's not a tittle of his former promises  
 to either here, but shall by me be crown'd  
 With fair performance.  
 To witness which, we give you joint Command  
 And Martial Pow'r, as next unto our self.  
**Val.** My gracious Lord, the best of my endeavours  
 Shall strive to merit what your noble hand  
 Hath now conferr'd; my hearts best blood my Lord  
 Shall seal my faithful protestation.  
**Tit.** My actions, my good Lord, shall better speak  
 My humble thanks, then my unskilful phrase:  
 Mean time your Lordships pardon for my silence.  
**Tit.** 'Tis well: Now I must tell ye Lords,  
 As I have ript my heart to let you see  
 My lifes Compendium. I expect that you  
 Should share your actions to deserve my love:  
 For I must tell ye Lords, 'tis not a formal shew  
 of gilded words that can perswade me so:

Let

- Let me behold your brave attempts pursue  
 Imperious victory through seas of blood;  
 Your panting souls in midst of Massacre,  
 thirst after Honour, till the reeking blade  
 cry, 'tis enough.  
 Have ye not seen when in a bloody fray  
 My Noble Father hath been left alone,  
 Alone, begirt with ranks of Enemies,  
 Whose strong Batalio's kept all rescue from him:  
 How then, even then when horror infinite  
 Stood gazing on him with a grim aspect,  
 How then (I say) his daring countenance  
 Stood in defiance of them all at once:  
 How the more danger, still the more he durst,  
 Like a strange Mastiff fiercely set upon  
 by mungril Curs in number ten to one;  
 With angry teeth, and courage bravely bold,  
 A snarles, and snaps; now this, now that doth bite,  
 And stoutly still maintains the unequal fight  
 with equal fury, till the bawling cures  
 be quite dispers'd: So he,  
 but with such Kingly awful Majesty,  
 as if in midst of this confusion  
 A sound but sport of recreation:  
 Such and so daring must you be my Lords,  
 to gain my love, and win your country honor,  
 My Lord, our lives & Fortunes weigh'd with either,  
 We prize at nothing; nor can we desire  
 more felicity then to enjoy  
 the least of either.  
**Val.** My honored Lord, your most exact command  
 will teach us Valour had we ne're been train'd  
 in Martial Discipline.  
**Tit.** I like your answers wel, saving that yours *Valerio*,  
 favours too much of flattery: and yet  
 upon life thou art not that way guilty.  
 And trust me souldiers I am confident  
 Your words and actions will in all points sympathize:  
 But we trifle time, and must redeem it  
 by a strict surveigh of our proceedings.

Enter Joseph from Rome.

- Is.** From great *Vespasian* my most honor'd Lord,  
 I come to do thee humble service.

71. Now by my life thou art welcome, welcome worthy friends;  
Our Royal Father ne'er could send a man  
More dear in our affection:  
Thou com'st as we could wish thee, *Zeph;*  
to morrow we intend to parley with *Jerusalem*;  
thy friendly presence may perchance persuade  
thy Countreymen to yeild subjection:  
If they refuse, by the Majestick power  
Of mighty *Cesar's* sacred Diadem,  
I'll scourge their pride with such severity,  
shall make the Rebels curse their misery:  
Come my endeared friend.

*Enter Zareck.*

The three seditious Captains are at odds,  
Each hunts the other's life; yet all do bear  
A fair pretence of friendship to each other;  
Each seeks for sovereignty, whilst *Simon*,  
With protestations of integrity  
And zealous love, do fairly close with all;  
For being friends to all in time of league,  
It will be a riddle to the wisest pate,  
Whose love I prized most; then I protest  
With what obsequious care and toiling pain,  
My wits are wearied to design a plot  
Whose wary circumstances may discry  
All shew of falshood in the enterprize,  
to trip the heels of either enemy;  
then shew the time, the place, the manner how  
to do't: O I am tickled with the fine conceit.  
My Father in a fair and good estate,  
Was by these Rebels rob'd and spoil'd of all,  
And I his son left naked to the world,  
poor and dejected, till my working brain  
Projected this employment to relieve me;  
Since when, I have been busied for revenge:  
O how methinks that very word Revenge,  
Allaies the fury of my discontent!  
But soft; 'tis much about the time they should be here:  
I will withdraw my self.

*Exit Eleazer.*

I must be wise, and cloath my pleasing phrase,  
With fair pretence of peace and amity.

*Exeunt:  
Take Jo. by the hand.*

*Zareck stands  
behind the  
hangings.*

The

The blustering wind commands with angry brow,  
The toiling traveller to leave his Cloak;  
the storm encreases, but the pelting man  
Will gripes it faster, till the pleasing Sun  
By gentle rayes intreats him lay it down.

*Enter L. Jehochanan and L. Skimeon.*

*Jeho.* Good morrow to the Lord *Eleazer.* *A table set, and Zi-  
Ela.* Welcome *Jehochanan*, welcome noble friends, *reck stands be-  
Come, sit we down, and each man freely speak* *hind the Aras.*  
His cause of grievance: Ah my worthy friends,  
Dissention is amongst us: Vpon my life I dare  
presume there is some strange mistake,  
For else it cannot be that we should differ.  
*Je.* Some strange mistake? Indeed my Lord 'twas strange  
Your Lordship should mistake your self so much,  
And us your friends (your friends! nay more my Lord, then friends,  
For friends are formal now:) the strength of your designs:  
To send to us a publike messenger  
to summon us upon command to be  
Attendants on your Lordships pleasure!  
*My Lord*, this was not fair nor friendly.  
*E.* Not fair my Lords, nor friendly! which of you  
that stood in equal terms of honor with my self,  
Woo'd lose one tittle of that Dignity  
that fairly rank't his state and quality?  
Was it for me to say, I who'd intreat  
Was not the Message publike?  
Had it been private, you should then have seen  
My fair respect, and friendly love to either.  
But, as it was my Lord—  
*L. Skim.* Nay, then it must have leave to tell ye Sir,  
Your Honour swells too high, and must be qualify'd  
In equal terms of Honor with your self:  
My Lord, I dare affirm that *Simon* stands  
In equal terms of honour with your self.  
*Ela.* How's that?  
*Sim.* Nay good my Lord, your Father's yet alive,  
And you are then a private man as we.  
*Ela.* This— is in jest, to see how I can poize  
A Friends affection, or perchance—to try  
the bent of mine.  
*Sim.* Your Honour may do well to pass it so.

G 2

Or else, perchance your Lordship may be angry  
And then---how much your health may be impair'd  
With such distemper, may perhaps---

*Elea.* No more.

I was not wont to be ridiculous  
Nor did I come to hear such airy talk.  
If this be earnest, let me hear who dares  
pronounc'agen.

Who dares! that brave reflects on me,  
that dare stand up to spurn at that, and thee.

*Is.* It's possible!

*S.* Iehochanan, thou dost me open wrong  
to intercept me:

The cause was mine; to me it did belong  
to give an answer. Wer't thou not who thou art,  
I should not take this well.

*Is.* Simeon, I am as deep engag'd as thou,  
And will have leave to prize mine Honor higher.

*S.* And will have leave!

*Is.* I say, and will have leave, and say'tagen.

*S.* Death, thou dar'st not say'tagen.

*Is.* Dare not!

*Elea.* I do command ye cease  
For shame give o're this rash behaviour.

Is this a time to broach a Faction,  
When Cesar's son has conquer'd Galilee,  
And now is marching to Jerusalem?

*Is.* Command thy slaves, proud man, for I am free,  
And will command my self.

*E.* Villain.

*Is.* Thou'lt.

*E.* O my enraged soul, must I endure all this?

*S.* All this and more, thou must endure me too.

*E.* Must Simeon?

*S.* I must I say, and shall:  
Couldst thou dart lightnings from thy countenance,  
Thus wou'd I meet thee, and out-face thee thus.

*E.* O I am lost in rage, and can endure no longer.

*Enter an Herald.*

*H.* From Cesar's son, brave Lords, I come to say  
He offers parley to Jerusalem:  
The time prefixt is the next morning sun.

*Elea*

*Elea.* Go tell thy Master we accept it.

*H.* I shall return your answer.

*Exit.*

*El.* This is no time to fight, nor will I now  
Stand to defend mine honor: But stay,  
before we sheath our weapons let us swear  
Howe're our private quarrel may proceed,  
That we will still maintain each other's part  
Against Vespasian's son.

*Both:* We are content.

*10. E.* Your hands.

By a true souldiers Honour we do swear,  
Fairly to friend each other in the field,  
And jointly to oppose Vespasian.

*Both:* We swear to do't.

*E.* The same swear I.

I shall expect you both to morrow early.

*Both:* We will not miss the hour.

*Exeunt at several ways.*

*Za.* The Furies are broke loose, if either fall,  
Zareck may rise to be a General.

*Exit.*

*Enter Peter with a Sword and Buckler, leading Gorion  
manicled with an halser about his neck, apparel'd  
in a Canvase suit.*

*Pet.* Come, come sir, come away sir, come away.

*G.* Nay, prethee friend be not so rigorous,

Give me a little time to breathe a while.

*Pet.* Breathe a while! I, I, I'll breathe ye, I warrant ye.

Come, come follow me, follow me; I say,

Ye shall want for no breathing.

*Go.* Inhumane wretch, I cannot follow thee:

Thou hast already wearied out my limbs  
With thy ingrateful usage.

*P.* Nay, nay, nay sir, all's one for that,

Limbs, or not limbs; I say, Follow me.

*Drag him along, & exeunt.*

*Beat Drom within, and enter Titus, Joseph, Vallerio and Nicanor  
at one door, and the three Captains at the other, and after them Pe-  
ter, leading old Gorion in the Halser.*

*P.* Come forward I say, a comes like a Bear to the stake.

*Titus.* What means this spectacle of misery?

*Is.* O Titus, 'tis my Father.

Wert thou enthral'd in more captivity,  
Thus low would Joseph bow to do thee honor. [*Jo. Knits, & Go weeps.*  
*Inc.*

I never felt my self so far surpriz'd  
With sudden passion; Nature is or'e charg'd,  
And fain woo'd have some vent. I fear  
I shall forget my self: Eye *Ioseph*, sit, *apart.*

Art thou a souldier? So---now the stream is turn'd.

*Ti.* Now my brave Lords of Jewry, which of you  
stands chief Commander in this bold Rebellion?

*Elea.* Rebellion, *Titus!*

*S.* Speak that word agen,

And *Simeon* dares reply that *Titus* lyes.

*Ti.* Should *Titus* speak't agen, 'twere still the same,  
Nor is it less spoke once,

*Ie.* Then know bold Roman, Jewries sons are free,  
And scorn to bend to *Cesar*, or to thee.

*Ti.* The sturdy stick that will not bend, must break.

*E.* But not with *Titus* Arm; nor *Cesar's* too.

*Jo.* Ah dearest countreymen, I comt not here  
to lift mine arm against *Jerusalem*,

But to lament it; Lords; for well I know,

the heavens have fore-decreed your overthrow:

The great *Caldeans* Golden *Altar* is laid,

the mighty *Persians* *silver Arms* are lopt;

the *Grecians* thighs of *brass* are broken down;

What's then remaining but those *Iron Legs*

On which the sturdy Roman Empire stands,

And stamps the World to Powder: *With my Lords*

Will ye contend with Fate?

*Jehoc.* Peace thou base coward, that to save thy life  
Hast lost thine honor.

Thou com'st with fawning zeal to beg for mercy.

*Ioseph.* To beg for mercy! then mercy he's procreant;

Forgive me Heaven, that I am forc't to draw

My sword against my self, my Native countreymen.

*Ti.* Now by my life they come to brave me here.

Rebels, those lordly hearts of yours shall bleed;

By all the Gods they shall.

Deliver up that aged prisoner,

Or by the Roman Powers ye shall repent it.

*Selim.* Not for the Roman Crown.

*Elea.* Lead him away to torture.

Come, come, come away sir, I'll tickle him with tortures.

*Io.* O my distressed Fate!

*Ti.* Villains, there's not a torture you inflict

Vpon

Vpon those aged limbs, but I'll return  
With millions on your own.

*Sound Drums, and exeunt omnes.*

Beat Drums, and they fight within; then enter *Joseph* and fights with *Eleazar*, and exeunt. Enter *Valerio* and fights with *Jehoc.* and exeunt. Enter *Nicanor*, fights with *Simeon*, and exeunt: The three seditious are repulst: then enter *Titus*, and meets with *Eleazar*, they fight: then enter *Jehoc.* and *Simeon* at several Doors: *Titus* fights with the three: *Eleazar* cries, kill him: *Jehochanan*, take him alive: *Simeon* cries, the second time, kill him: *Jehochanan*, take him alive. *Eleazar* the third time kill him: *Jehochanan*, take him alive. *Titus* makes way through them wounded, and escapes.

*E.* Death and the Devil, why did ye let him scape?

*S.* O we are finely cheated of the booty,

And shall be laught to scorn: Death, I could tear my flesh.

*Ie.* Stand ye to beat the air with idle words?

Let's follow close, and find him out agen.

Disperse your selves, and follow.

*Exeunt as several sayes.*

Enter *Peter.*

Call ye this Honour? a pox of honor,

Give me honesty, down-right honesty:

Souns, break ones head, and give him no warning!

I woo'd not have Honor come so fast upon me neither.

Im'e pepperd with a vengeance: Farewel Honor,

Ile to my Lady agen.

*Exit.*

Enter *Titus* wounded: *Iosephus*, *Valerio*, *Nicanor*, follow.

*Io.* How fares my Lord?

*Ti.* Well my *Iosephus*, trust me, passing well:

'tis *Titus* glory to be bath'd in blood:

Now by mine Honor *Ioseph*, I am glad

to see such valour in thy Countrey-men:

the charge was hor, and bravely seconded.

Didst thou not see where I was forc't to fight,

to man the Front, that then began recoile.

*Io.* My Lord I did.

*Ti.* There my brave Lords, mine Honor lay at stake,

there was I round begirt with Enemies,

and must be ransomed by mine own desert:

O my *Valerio*! then I call'd to mind

the great *Vespasian*: then *Tiberius*;

then mighty *Julius*: and then----

Arm'd with disdain and envy, I assail'd

the stout *Jehochanan*, then *Skimeon*,

5 then Lordly *Eleazer*, then all, and then

Stood all their bold repulses back agen.

There I receiv'd these wounds; and then, at last

Rapt into rage with fury and revenge,

Sweating, and bleeding, in despite of all

10 this arm maintain'd me still a General.

But now no more of this:

A more convenient time shall fitter serve

For this discourse. Come worthy Souldier:

My wounds are stiff, I must retire my self.

*Exeunt om.*

*Enter L. Eleazer with his Rapier drawn.*

15 The glorious prey is lost: I do remember wel,

Now *Eleazer*, to thy other business.

I do remember wel, a sed, my father was alive

And then--as if my fathers life were my disgrace,

A slighted me with scorn----It must be so,

20 My father must not live: I am resolv'd.

*Exit.*

*Enter Jehochanan, his Rapier drawn.*

A pair of pretious Villains! By this light

I laugh to think how finely they are cheated.

The Lordly *Eleazer* woo'd be King;

And so woo'd *Skimeon*: Both aim at me:

25 But I will live in spite of policy.

*Enter Skimeon wounded.*

The game is ended, and the Deer escap't;

the night draws on apace, and I am hurt.

*Enter Eleazer and Zareck.*

*Elea.* The time's within this hour: make haste, I say,

And fit thy self with instruments of death,

30 Smal pocket-daggers. But be sure thou hast

A special care that no o're-reaching eye

Detect the plot.

Then with a cloak of seeming sanctity,

Deject behaviour, visage meanly sad,

35 Eies full of tears; but heart replete with blood:

Low bending to my aged father; Say---

What thy more wary wits shall think upon:

But on thy life take heed thou fail not.

*Zar.* Not for the world.

*Elea.* The time draws on apace they should be here:

I must

I must disarm my self and wait their coming.

*disarms*

Theres something troubles me, all is not well within.

I would not see him fall: and yet I must.

O *Eleazer*---- but I forget my self:

*Exit.*

A noise of still musick; and *Enter the high Priest with attendants, Guards,*  
and *Quiresters*: they sing. An Alter and Tapers set:

See those buildings where once thy

glorie liv'd in,

with heavenly essence:

See how it droopeth, and how na-

kedly it looketh

Without thy presence:

Hark how thy captive people

mourn

With heavy moaning,

and greivous groaning,

For thy being absent,

And for the heathens scorn:

Because thy people are by thee for-

lorn.

*H. P.* leave us to our Devotion.

*Enter Za.* he bowes to the high Priest, and declares by signs

his sons submission: he lifts up his hands in token of

Thankfulness, and weeps.

*H. P.* Thou comst with happie news: go call him in.

*Calls him*

*Enter Eleazer, and kneels.*

*E.* Ah my much wronged Father!

*An.* This is beyond my hopes: stand up young man:

Heaven give thee pardon for thy great offence.

Where are thy confederates?

*E.* I would not be o're-heard:

*A.* Dismiss the guard there, we would be private.

*E.* My Lord, I have a secret to disclose,

*Za. looks if*

Of such importance, that I fear---

*none be coming in.*

*A.* I will not be disturb'd, what ere it be.

For heavens love let me ha'te.

*Za.* Thou hast thine own desire

*Sees him.*

*A.* O *Eleazer*.

*Za.* 'Tis done.

*E.* 'Tis bravely done: I will reward the *Zareck*.

*Z.* Tush, I am happie in the fine exploit.

*E.* Now for the crafty close,

*puts the dagger*

Conveigh this instrument into his hand.

*into his hand.*

*H*

*Be*

Be brief, be brief, then it may be suppos'd  
A did this bloody act upon himself.

*Enter his Atten. and Guard.*

*Atten.* My Lord---hal-- Murder'd;  
Curse on that wretched hand that did it:  
5 But see--- O see! a gripes the dagger fast  
That gave the wound--- I am amaz'd  
And know not what to think.  
Come let us bear him hence.

*Exeunt*

*CHORUS.*

Horror, confusion, hunger, plague and Death  
10 Have seiz'd our Sacred streets, my fainting breath  
Fails me to give the sad relation  
Of sad Judea's desolation.  
Suppose the famine now to grow extream,  
Within the City walls; The hungry dream  
15 Of food, but tast it not, a Cab is sold  
Of noisom dung for thrice the weight in Gold;  
A bloody Sword hangs blazing in the Sky;  
A Strange and uncouth voice was heard to cry,  
Come, let's away from hence: the Iron gate  
20 Ope's of it self to let in Jewries fate:  
To tell ye more my aking heart would break,  
The sad Catastrophe let action speak.

*Enter L. Jehochanan.*

The famine is extream;  
And will beguile us of our lives and honors.

*Musick, and the Lady Miriam Sing  
In her Chamber.*

40 Hark--- hark--- give ear a while and listen.  
The Song Weep, O weep, mine eyes, a flood of tears:

*Break, O break, my heart, with endless fears:*

*Fly hence, fly hence, my soul, from such sad griefs;*

*Fly hence to heaven, and beg for some reliefs;*

*Then weeping sing, and singing weep to see*

*Such precious comfort in thy misery.*

*Te.* This is the Lady Miriam,

Shee's rich, shee's rich, exceeding rich,  
And may perhaps have some provision left,

I'll in and rifle her.

*La.* Ayme, the Lord Jehochanan:  
I fear some violence.

*Pet.* Who knocks there?

*Za.* Keep fast the door.

*when the Musick  
has plaid a while.*

*She Sings*

*She draws her window Curtin*

*Knock*

*Knock again.*

*Te.*

*Te.* Ope the door Sirrah, or Ile break it ope.

*Pet.* Marry Sir and Ile break your pate then.

*Breaks ope the door,  
and goes in.*

*Enter Peter with head broke.*

Wars, or not wars, all's one for that,  
For honor will find me out, I see;

5 I am not so good as my word, hee's better than his,  
For he has broke the door, and my pate too.

But I'll in and save my Lady from ravishing,  
What ere comes on't:

If I take him at it, I'll so pepper him.

*Enter Jehochanan with a wallet, dragging*

*The Lady by the hair, and her little*

*Son following weeping.*

Boy. Now good my Lord even on my knees I beg:  
Use not my mother so unkindly.

*Te.* Peace brawling brat;

Confess, confess I say, I know this is not all,  
Thou hast conceal'd thy best provision

10 *La.* If there be truth in heaven I have no more,  
Ah gentle Sir, for pittie take not all;  
Leave me one loaf to keep my little one.

*Te.* Not a bit, bold begger.

Boy Good mother weep no more.

*Exit  
Exit Lady weeping.*

*Enter Peter.*

My Lady has sent me to get wormes?  
But the wormes are more liker for to get me.  
Marry I think if they had me and could speak,  
They'd curse the Cook that sent u'm such a break-fast;  
For I am so impenetrable for want of moisture,  
15 They had better Seize upon a starv'd Viceroy by far.

*Enter Zaruck.*

I have observ'd of late a seeming show  
Of some distempers in Lord Eleazer:  
His lookes are wild and staring: something sure  
Does strangely trouble him.

*Pe.* That's the Captains man that broke my pate.  
And rob'd my Lady: now is he studying  
Whose throat he shall cut next; I'de best be gone.  
I'm pestilence afraid of him.

*Za.* Perchance the murder of his Father troubles him.

*P.* A talkes of murder already.

20 If it be so, I hope 'twill make him mad,  
And I shall be reveng'd--- What follows that?

*P.* A has spid me, I must stand too'n now.

*Fi 2*

*Trembles.*

*Za. What*

Za. What art thou?

Pet. What am I; Why I am hungry, very hungry:  
So hungry, that I could eat my flesh,  
If I had any flesh to eat.

5 Za. You are very pleasant, Sir.

Does the musick of the times cause your wits to daunce.

P. Ye say right, Sir. If any part of me daunce, it is my brains, for they  
are alwayes in action: my legs are far enough from't I me sure.

Za. Whither art thou going?

10 P. No whither, ye see, I stand still:

I think your wits are daunc't out of your head.

Za. Whither wert thou going?

P. The man's mad sure: why hither, was I not?

Za. Excellent, I faith: whither wilt thou go?

15 P. Marry they were wise could tell that;

I will go whither my legs will carry me:

Marry how far that is I cannot tell;

For I am altogether for the Carriers pace.

I can neither amble, nor trot now.

20 Za. How accurately the knave answers:

'Tis hunger sure has made his wits so nimble.

P. Ye're in the right Sir.

For a spare diet, saies your Philosopher,

Makes a man fit for study,

25 But sure a meant to get more vittails.

Za. Better and better-----fellow, what's thy business?

P. What a question's that now?

Why look on my Phisnomy, and read it there.

Za. 'Tis written in thy fore-head, knave?

30 P. No, but 'tis written on both sides my face.

Za. Extremitie of hunger sure has made him mad:

P. No, no, no Sir; No such matter:

Why hark ye Sir, hark ye; don't you know me?

Za. Not I, by this Light.

35 P. I cannot much blame ye, for I hardly know my self;

But if I had ne're known your Lord, ye might a knowen me better.

Za. Sure that fellow was born with Riddles in's mouth.

P. Fare ye well Sir, fare ye well:

My Lady said I should get something, though I staid all night:

40 But I'me more liker to stay till dooms-day, for I think I shan't live.

Till morning; fare ye well Sir.

Exit Pet.

Za. This is sure the Lady Miriams man,

Whom Lord Jehochanan hath lately rifled:

Here Comes the Lord Eleazer, I will withdraw. *Steps aside.*

Elea.

Enter Eleazer.

Elea. Cozen'd and cheated, gull'd and fool'd I am:

O man, man, man most miserable!

How truly vain,

How absolutely base,

5 Are thy lost actions: yet how infinite

The Seas of sorrow that thou wadest through,  
To make thee miserab'le.

Ere thy polluted face was yet produc't,

To face of heaven, the wofull womb foretold

10 With griping throws thy native wretchedness:

And when thou wert brought forth, what worlds of care

And greif, and pains the tender mother takes

To bring thee up! what tedious daies and nights

Are thrown away upon thine infant age:

15 Then ---- when thy fruitfull branches bear the buds

Of hopefull youth! when understanding blooms

The beautilous blossoms of a riper wit:

What daies, and nights, and hours, and minutes spent

On tedious papers, whose enigma's dull

20 The slender judgement of the youthfull brain.

Till when ---- Maturity proclaims thee man

Then, loomes this goodly vessel on the main

Of mutabilitie, with all the sails

30 Of honour swelling high. But see ---- O see ----

A fable cloud of sin with angry brow

Threatens destruction, now the Venoms burst:

Down with the main-sails ere the gust approach,

Alas, 'tis now too late, all's overwhelm'd,

40 Turn'd upside down, the pretious lading lost,

The shipwreck't soul, for ever, ever lost

in lake of death, Eternall death: Woo'd I

Had been destroyd within the house of sin,

The cursed wombe, or been abortive born,

Ne're to have seen that hatefull light that sees

My wretched fall.

Curst be the fantasy that shap't the thought

Of my conception, ten times curst the act:

The lustfull act! ten thousand times the hour

Of my nativity: may that ever be

50 An hour of horror, plague, and misery.

Za. it works

it works

Enter the Lady Miriam

Lady. For charity, good courteous Sir, take pitie on a poor distressed

Lady: Even for the love ye bear unto the womb that bred ye. *She kneels.*

Elea.

*Elea.* The Love I bear? the love I bear is hate.  
Hate most unattractive, so inveterate,  
That I could curse my primogenitors,  
S'fure I could curse my father *Adam* too.

*La.* A last Sir I am rob'd and spoild of all:  
Ah gentle Sir, afford me some relief,  
And I will beg a blessing for your sweet benevolence.

*Elea.* Blessing for me? there's not a scruple left  
Mongst the great waight of heavenly charity,  
Vex me no more.

*Elea.* The Silent tamer of diurnall cares  
That charms our weary limbs with sweet repose,  
Yields not relief to me: my wearied soul  
Lives in perpetual torment; for if I

Chance to get a minutes rest, my frighted Ghost  
Sees ghastly Shapes more horrible then death:  
Even now mine eyes grow dull for want of sleep:  
Lie there distressed carcass, and forget  
Thy self to be in misery.

*Exit La. Weeping.*

*he Sleeps*

*Enter Persiphone with the three furies, they Circle him about, and Persiphone Sing.*

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p><b>F</b>rom the infernal Kingdom wee<br/>Come to read thy destinie:<br/>Know thy hands imbru'd in blood<br/>Must be bath'd in Stigian flood:<br/>Mortall thou art damn'd for this<br/><i>Down, down, down, down, down,</i><br/><i>Down, down, down, down, down,</i><br/><i>Down, to the deep Abyss.</i><br/>Endless shall thy torment be;<br/>Horror, plague and miserie<br/>Shall afflict thy footy soul,<br/>Whilst the tortur'd spirits howl,<br/>Banisht from eternall bliss<br/><i>Down, down, &amp;c.</i><br/>Freezing cold and scorching fires<br/>Shall reward thy soul desirer.</p> | <p>Loss of heaven shall vex thee too<br/>More then fire and frost can do:<br/>Whilst the Lurid Snakes shall hiss<br/><i>Down, down, &amp;c.</i><br/>Not a thousand ages shall<br/>Expiate thy bitter thrall:<br/>Not a flood of tears assuage<br/>Ought of thy enflamed rage<br/>Thy thy doome for deeds amiss<br/><i>Down, down, &amp;c.</i><br/>Musick to thy moan shall be,<br/>Damned fiends shall laugh at thee;<br/>Laugh to scorn thy griping pain,<br/>Laugh to hear thee curse in vain<br/>Curse thine endless miseries.<br/><i>Down, down, &amp;c.</i></p> |
|---|--|

*Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Laugh all and Exeunt.*

*Zareck.* Ha, ha, ha, heres sport alone for mee,  
The murder of his father troubles him  
With ghastly apparitions: horror and despair  
Pursue thy guilty soul, till I may see  
My sal revenge in thy calamity.

*Exit*

*Agan*

*Elezzer rises.*  
Agan, agan, agan, without I saw  
The Furies here; the sudden apparition  
Has so appal'd my guilty soul, that I  
Am lost in terror; all my Vitals shrink  
With ghastly fear, my intermissive pulse  
Speaks the disorder of my panting heart:  
No comfort for a poor distressed man!  
Down, down rebellious knees; so stubborn still!  
I bear a burden of such massie weight  
Woo'd crack the mighty Axletree of Heaven,  
Yet cannot force these sturdy limbs to bend:  
My Ovens mouth is damm'd with dirty sin,  
No vent for sorrow; not a peeping-hole  
To steal a dram of comfort for my soul.  
*Exit.*  
*O---Elezzer thou art lost for ever.*

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

*Enter VALERIO.*

**W**hat a Devil ails the General!  
I have observ'd in him of late a strange and uncouth  
Carriage to his near attendants:  
His looks distracted, and his words compos'd  
With strange disturbances--Sure all is not well:  
But I'll observe--

*Enter Titus, crosses the stage, and exits with an angry  
look upon Valerio.*

*Val.* Death, what should this mean?

*Enter Nicanor.*

*Ni.* Valerio? Well met; saw'st thou the General lately?

*Val.* Yes, I have seen him lately,

Heaven blest me from the sight of him: agan.

*Ni.* Why man, what's the matter?

*Val.* What's the matter!

Why a has star'd me into such a strange distemper,  
I shall not be my self this hour agan.

A looks--like *Vulcan*, when his fiery face

Looks red (with rage) upon the Rival Gods:

A walks--by sembreces, with such statelie gait,

As if a scorn'd to tread on *Cassius* Earth:

A speaks--by riddles, and such strange enigmæ's,

That



that sure 'twould pose old *Oedipus* to answer.

Hast not thou seen him in this mope mood?

*Ni.* Yes, yes, yes, I have seen him, and felt him too,

Pox on's fingers for't.

He askt me last night what store was in the Magazine:

I told him---about a Months provision.

A steps him back---and stares---and stamps---and says---

What?---Is't possible?---No more?

Why dost not speak?---No more, *Life*?

Art sure there is no more? Death wo'd not speak

and then his truncheon walks; such had I not warded well

I had been mall'd; I knew not what to say;

And then a call'd me for, and went his way.

*Val.* Now by this hand I am lighter by a Roman dram,

to hear thee in for's share too:

Why now I could sing, or daunce,

Or rime, or jest, or do any thing.

Stand, stand thou here, and I will act the General.

And do thou speak to me as if he were in presence.

*Ni.* Content.

*Val.* Nicanor!

*Ni.* My Lord.

*Val.* Come hither:

What store of prisoners were taken in the skirmish?

*Ni.* My Lord---

*Ni.* My Lord! what nothing but my Lord!

Souns, must I dance attendance on your answer.

Now fir---what my Lord?---

*Ni.* Souns, what ye strike mean

*Val.* Eye, eye, vilely spoken, very vilely spoken;

Ask his Lordship why a strikes?

Why this favours of too much arrogance,

and wo'd incense him beyond measure;

Ye should rather have said, My Lord,

I am sorry I have trespass on your patience;

Or I crave your Lordships pardon for my dulness;

Or the like.

*Ni.* Pox a patience, and your Lordship too;

Why did ye strike me so hard?

*Val.* Out upon't, worse and worse by this light,

limit his Lordship how hardly struck!

Why this were to tell his Lordship what to do,

How to command, and where to punish;

this wo'd not be endur'd.

*Ni.*

*Ni.* I prethee leave thy jesting,  
Or by this light I shall fall out in earnest,  
and let your Lordship know I am displeased.

*Val.* Well I have done; but prethee canst thou tell  
the cause of this distemper?

For in himself (what e're hath alter'd him)

He is a Captain of as mild a nature,

As brave Command, and of as sweet converse,

as Rome hath ever bred.

*Ni.* Faith I am ignorant, nor can I judge the cause.

*Val.*

Peace, the General.

*Enter Titus.*

*Ti.* Valerio!

*Val.* My Lord?

*Ti.* Come hither; nearer---yet nearer---nearer yet I say.

Souns, must I trumpet my Oration?

Or dost thou think my throat's an Organ-pipe?

There has been lately a great out-rage done

within the Camp; know you ought of it?

*Val.* Not I my Lord.

*Ti.* Take heed I trap thee not, upon thy life take heed:

By Heaven if I do---

I say agen, there has been lately acted

A most inhumane murder---on the Jews---

the Captive Jews that fled to us for mercy;

Know'st thou ought yet?

*Val.* My Lord, I know not ought, nor ought have ever heard

of this inhumane act.

*Ti.* Nor you? why dost not speak? speak I say.

*Val.* Death, if I ask agen---

*Ni.* My Lord, Nor I.

*Ti.* Nor I!---what nor I?

Death, are ye so sparing of your speech fir?

Take heed I do not frame an answer for thee;

By Heaven if I do, 'twill cost thee dear the penning.

*Ni.* My gracious Lord---

*Ti.* Comma.

*Ni.* I am---

*Ti.* Comma.

*Ni.* Altogether---

*Ti.* Colon.

*Ni.* Ignorant---

*Ti.* Period. Froth I believe thee.

*Ni.*

Ni. Of this proceeding:

Ti. What's all this put together now?

Ni. My Lord!

Ti. My contumelious Coxcomb,

5 Why was not this mishapen answer given  
without distraction? If thy soul be clear,  
Why did thy guilty looks proclaim thee evil?  
Why didst thou veil the face of honesty,  
and innocence, within the mask of fear?

10 Thou wert begotten sure in some distraction,  
When Nature was disturb'd to get a man:  
Go---get thee hence, and get more Faith---but yet  
look to't, look to't I say, for if I find thee guilty,  
thy life shall pay the ranfome of thy sin:

15 Go---get thee hence---stay, read that, *going away.*  
and read it out. *He reads.*

*A Catalogue of the Massacre of the Captive Jews,  
who fled to us for mercy.*

Under Valerio's Squadron, four hundred.

Under Nicanor's, five hundred.

Murdred out of the camp and ript for their Jewels

20 VWhich they had swallowed for fear of rifling eleven hundred;  
The whole number amounting to two thousand.

Ni. This is strange my Lord. *Gives him the Paper.*

Ti. Yes, 'tis wondrous strange that we

Whose Princely-Valour, Power and Clementy

the world admires, should be so foul abus'd,

Abus'd by you; by you I say abus'd,

And say't agen: Death---if, it were not so,

who durst attempt? attempt I durst think to do

An act so foul, so most inhumane?

25 Have we not given the sole command to you:

and you to do what you think fit?

And must we have our Honor now traduc't,

Trampled, and trod upon, through your neglect?

Must we, when we have past our princely word

30 For fair protection, have our Subjects snatcht

By such disorder from our Princely bosom?

By heaven this is not well; I say it is not,

Look too't: look too't, I say, I hear no more of this,

For by a Romans honour if I do---go to I say, look too't:

35 Va. Now by my life but this is wondrous strange, *Exit*

Two thousand Jews destroy'd and we not know't

Ni. Tis so; nor can I blame the General

To be distemperd. But now the storm is over,

Let us by strict inquiry search the truth:

Perchance he may be mis-inform'd, and we abus'd:

Va. Content, let us about it.

*Exeunt*

*Enter the Lady Miriam with a knife in her hand.*

5 How tedious are our daies of miseries,  
And yet how breese she means to cut them off:  
What multitudes of Wretched dayes and nights,  
In whose each minute the affrighted soul  
Lives on the wrack of grief and discontent,

10 W'd this smal instrument of death dispatch:  
And why do I then; VVretched I, protract  
My dayes of misery?

I't not enough that I have liv'd to see

My parents slain by native crueltie:

15 My countrey Sackt? and my religion Scorn'd,

My self forsaken, and my stripling live

To ask me food, and I not food to give?

Can I have brains to know, and will to do,

Reason to judge, and hands to help me too,

20 And still procrastinate my daies of wor

Doo't Miriam, doo't I say, it must be so:

VVhat ist that barrocadoe; back mine arm

Nor will, nor brain, nor heart, nor hand are mine;

All stand subjected to a power divine.

25 Tush----- I am deceived;

Henceforward I nor God, nor good will know:

Religion is a thing fantastickall,

And heaven and hell are meer Poeticall:

Hence coward fear, tis thou that dost command

30 Mine arm to slack, thou makst my shaking hand

Let fall the fatal instrument of death:

I will no more be subject to thy Law

But in a minute-----

Alas, how cruell mercifull am I,

35 To free my self from sad calamity,

And leave my pretty child to suffer more,

He kill him first--- and that once bravely done,

He kill the mother that has killd her son:

Now swift occasion tempt us to do evill:

See where the stripling comes,

How prettily a looks upon me: and must I doo't?

Was ever mother so unnatural?

And yet I must.

*Goes to stab her self*

*Goes to stab her self agen*

*Enter boy*

*Shee weeps*

*My*

My pretty boy: art thou not very sick for want of meat?

Boy. Yes, very sick indeed, and feeble too;  
So feeble, I have much ado to go.

La. Had'st thou not rather die, then live

5 In this extremity?

Boy. Alas good mother, I am loath to die,  
I would fain live to see you get some food.

La. would'st therefore live, my boy, Why thou shalt be my food:  
When I have kill'd thee, I will feed on thee.

8 Boy: Good God forbid such Cruelty.

I hope you do not mean to kill me mother

La. Yes, my sweet Lamb, look; here's the knife prepar'd.

Boy. Nay then I see I shall be kill'd indeed:

Alas what have I done, what deed so foul

15 To make you so unkind?

Indeed I did not think you could have been so cruel.

La. How prettily a talks.

Boy. have I forgotten ought of those respects

That duty binds me too. Or through forgetfulness

20 Not done that service which you did command;

Is this the cause? O hold, pray hold your hand:

My duty shall observe ye ten times more

Then ever my obedience did before.

La. How hard a pleads for life; the Gentle Phrase

25 Begins to mollifie my cruel breast.

Is what a sad dilemma stands my choice:

Affection bids me spare; affliction strikes:

Nor can I well approve; nor yet dislike---

Of either----- Something must be done:

30 Forgive me heaven, for I must kill my Son.

Boy. O----- I am kill'd indeed, farewell.

La. That well sound's ill:---tis done---it may be no,

For still a sure, and sturs---but now tis done indeed:

Come take him up--- and Quarter him--- and then

35 Invite the cruel Captain to a feast,

That they may see a mother eat her Son,

And kill her self before the feast be done:

Come take him up I say.

Enter Eleazer with his sleeves striped up to the Elbowes, with two

Attendants following.

I have wash'd, and wash'd, and wash'd, and cannot wash this blood away.

40 Att. What blood my Lord?

Elea. The blood of batts put out thine eyes:

Doo'st thou not see how red, and fresh it looks?

Weeps

Knells

Weeps again

She slabs him

She takes him  
up, and Exit.

Tis very hot too: reaking hot; so hot  
It scaldes the conduit pipes of life.

Fryes all my vitalls into Aetna's flames,

And makes a bonfire of my burning heart.

5 My Spungy bellows that were wont to blow  
Cool fannings to my bodies center,  
Are suffocate with Sulphurous heat. no crany left  
To cool a tortur'd Soul.  
Go fetch me Vulcans bellows, they'l doo't sure;

10 Or--- if not they,

I'll force a passage through this house of clay,  
and let in air

Att. Lay hands upon him till the fit be past.

E. These flaming Lampes burn red with fury rage

15 To feel my marrow broil; my fingerd skull

Reverberates the fury to my brain,

And makes me mad. All this whole mass of man  
Is metamorphis'd to confusion.

Hurry me strait unto the Eolian cave,

20 That Boreas may bore me through and through.

There shall ye see this active torrid Zone

Tug for the mastery with the windy King;

That fire with air, and air with fire may burn,

Till fire and air do into Chaos turn.

25 The devil sure's a rare Doctor: of ancient standing too. I'll have  
him sent for, and --- to bid him welcome a shall break his fast with  
braines, twill be a rare breakfast, they are already frying in my skull.

For--- to have them cookt in a Kitchin-pan woo'd shew poor, and not

Suit with his greatness? But let the Mercurian messenger make hast,

30 they will be fry'd too much else, and then all's not worth a button.

Hark---hark---hark---how the furies laugh to see me tortur'd See---

See---See where they come from Erebus---There's Megara, Alecto, there

Tisiphone? ho ho ho ho: that's not she, tis some bastard fury made of

air to cheat my fancy. I am abused, Ile not indur't:

35 Can your inky King

Cure my black soul? my soul, I there's the thing.

Att. See now the fit is past

How temperate he walks. With what a serious eye

views the heaven, and then the earth: and then.

40 Himself with wonder: As if heaven and earth.

Were there infused: See now a starts agen,

I fear another fit.

Elea. The soul's the thing indeed, this but a reaking dunghill:

Stay: what is't made of? tis extracted sure

From the pure Essence of refined air,

Puffed

Puff'd - - - for when the wind is gone,  
Commend me to the Carrion carcase.  
There's nothing left but meat for mistress maggot.  
Of your Philosophers, give me Pythagoras,  
For all the rest are fools: meer fools: dee mark me Sir,  
Why may not this same windy soul of mine,  
Make musick in a musty midwife?  
Or in a mouldy bawd: O - - twoo'd do rare in her:  
twoo'd make her mumpie out mischiefs by the dozen:  
Marry - - of all your beasts - - I wood not be  
A post horse: Souns then I should be trotted,  
and trotted, and trotted to the devil:  
No, no, no, Ile no post horse.

*Enter his Fathers Ghost in white.*

Room, room, room for the miller:  
Mas now I think ont, tis as bad to be mil horse:  
For he goes round about, and round about,  
And round about - -

*goes round his  
Father*

*Ghost.* Fool: thou art posting to the stage of death!  
Adieu, adieu, adieu: expect thy doom.

*Exit:*

*Eleaz.* by this light a rare miller.  
Wo, ho, ho, wo, ho, ho: Miller, Miller.

*Exit:*

*Atten.* We must not leave him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Jehocanan and Simeon upon the Walls:*

*Sim.* their valour yet lives fresh within the walls:  
They man the breaches bravely.

*Jo.* Call ye this valour, meer dunghil cocks by heaven,  
S'fur, put a Coward in the face of death,  
Extremity of fear will make him fight,  
Fight Valiantly too. Give me the man  
That mans a breach in breaking through the rancks  
Of Romans foes, their Courages dismaid,  
the walls will man themselves.

*A trumpet sounds, and Enter Joseph in Compleat Arms:*

*Jo.* My honored Lords, and dearest Countrymen,  
From the right noble *Titus* I am come  
to Offer mercy. Ah! my worthy friends,  
Even on my knees I beg you to Imbrace it.

*Jeho.* Bring forth the rack, and torture the old ruffin. *Gorion brought  
out and puts on the rack:*  
*Jo.* hold - hold - - O hold. Let not your fury fall  
On those decreppid lims, for heavens sake hold,  
And here but Joseph speak,

*Sim.* Torture him I say: *Go: Oh - - O - - O - -*  
*Jo:*

*Jo.* Tortures and torments endless vex your Souls:  
O hold - yet hold, for heavens love hold, not yet: *Go: oh - - O - -*  
Must I endure to see those Sinews stretcht,  
And not relieve them Must I basely beg,  
And kneel: and supplicate: and not be heard?  
Wrack on - - wrack on I say! thou cruell wretch:  
Tear the distressed Carcass from the soul,  
And send it up to heaven to cry for vengeance:  
Agen they torture him. O I am tortured too, *Go Oh - -*  
And torne in peices with the spectacles. *they beat him down with a stone.*  
Villains, tormentors, Rebels.  
*S.* Forake the walls, and take him.  
*Enter Jehocanan and Simeon at one door, and Valerio and Nicanor at a  
nother, they repulse the Jewish Captains, and Josephus.*  
*Va.* How fares Josephus?  
*Jo.* Hurt my good friends, I thank you for this rescue, *they lead him  
away and Exeunt.*

*Enter Zareck.*

*Lord Elazer's* mad: there's my revenge on him.  
A comes, a comes:  
Now the sport begins.

*Enter Eleazer.*

My conscience is a bawling curr:  
Buz, buz, buz: Hee's gone, hee's gone?  
Ile, creep, and creep, and creep away,  
And then Ile laugh to think how I have gulld him.

*Enter his two Atten.*

Whist, whist, whist, and catch a mouse.

*Zareck?*

*Za.* My Lord:

*E.* For heavens love help me, *Zareck:*

*Za.* Why, what's the matter now?

*E.* O vengeance, I am pesterd with a Rascal beyond measure:  
A knocks, and knocks, and knocks, both day and night  
to speak with me, and will have no denial.

*Za.* VVho i't, who i't my Lord?

*E.* A Sooty fellow, black, exceeding black:  
And wonderous lean too. Very lean, and hungry:  
And but e'ne now I stole, and stole away:  
Could ye but get a truce for some - - - three dayes,

*VVe* woud be wonderous merry, *Zareck:*

*Za.* Methinks we should prevail:

Let's sooth him in this humour, and we shall have excellent sport anon.

*Atten.* Content, content:

*Za.* My Lord, Ile warrant ye, let me alone to deal with him. *Elea.*

*El.* Ye must be wondrous earnest, for I tell ye, he's a pestilent knave:  
Tell him at three day's end. I'll hear him all;  
Mean while, I'll hide me here:

*Att.* *Zareck*: if I ask for me,

5 Be sure thou dost not tell him where I am.  
Stand close. stand close. hah. what's that.

*Att.* A ratt behinde the hangings.

*Elea.* A comes, a comes, a comes.

*Att.* Be not afraid my Lord; tis *Zareck* comes:

10 *Za.* Tis done my Lord I warrant ye.

*E.* For three whole dayes.

*Za.* For three whole dayes.

*E.* And nights.

*Za.* And nights.

15 *El.* Gramercy boy, I faith.

There were three fiddlers at a fray,  
For scraping of their strings in tway,  
And *Jenkin's* son ran away,  
With hay tralolly lolly.

20 Methinkes it were a rare thing to be a Jig-maker.  
Come shall wee dance. shall we dance? hay. hay.

2 *Att.* Certainly a will fall into as much extremity of mirth.

*Za.* I told ye wee shoud have rare sport anon.

*E.* Excellent good I faith, twill do passing well.

25 Hark ye boyes, hark ye. I have excellent crotchets in my head.

*Za.* What be they, what be they?

*E.* Musical, musical crotchets, my bullyes;  
And therefore I'll have a noise of fiddlers dwell there  
To run division? wilt not do rare my boyes?

30 *Za.* O passing rare my Lord.

*E.* Very good, and then---

1 *Att.* What then.

*E.* And then will I turn ballet-finger.

You shall carry my pack, and you

35 I'll think of some imployment worthy your deserts.

Will not this be fine I faith? hah. speak.

2 *Att.* very fine, very fine.

*E.* And then wee'll sing, and laugh conscience out of countenance;  
Fare ye well: fare ye wel, my boyes.

40 *Za.* If I shoud meet his conscience by the way now,  
We should have an old racket with him.

1 *Att.* No, no, hee'll be wholly taken up now with making ditties,  
Most inexpressible ditties. we shal have such fustian when we meet him next

2 *Att.* Death, I'll lay my life 'tis he.

*E.* Bounces at the door.

*Za.*

*Behinde the arras:*

*Exit Za.*

*Enter Za.*  
*comes out soft.*

*Za.* Did not I prejudicate the issue?  
What will become of us now?  
What shall we do?

*Elea.* Ope the door, ope the door, ye musty rascalls.

5 *Att.* If we ope not the door hee'll break it ope,  
And then a will be ten times worse.

*Za.* Stay, is there no trick to pacify his fury?

*Hum.*--- I have found out one I think will doo't.

*Att.* What 'ist: what 'ist?

10 *Za.* There dwells a fellow not far off:

*Elea.* Rake-hells: hell hounds: ope the door.

*Att.* By and by:

*Za.* Whose Meager looks will surely couzen him:  
He is in all description like his conscience:

15 A wears black too, him wee'll produce fast bound  
To give him satisfaction.

*Elea.* Rogues, Rascalls, Cheaters:

*Za.* Come ope the door, ope the door.

*Enter Eleazer.*

*Za.* Why how now my Lord, what's the matter?

*E.* My conscience slaves: my conscience.

*Za.* Has a been at home; has a been at home since?

*E.* You, you, you, know a has: You know a has rascalls.

*Za.* O perfidious conscience, how did a swear to us

Not to molest him till the time expir'd.

20 My Lord, my Lord, have but a little patience,  
And if I bring him not fast bound---

*E.* Vm ----- if you do not handogs

Nay, nay, nay: you shall be pawn'd for the reckoning:

I, I, I, will so jerk ye, if a brings him not,

I will have thee cut out into a town-top, and whipt:

And ..... *Petrusio's* skin shall make scourges.

*Att.* Any thing: any thing my Lord: do with me what ye will:

But woo'd I were fairly quit: pray heaven they bring the fellow.

*E.* Nay, nay, nay: I would doo't, and to purpose too.

25 *Att.* See, see my Lord: see where a comes.

*E.* Hah: is a fast: is a fast bound?

*Att.* I warrant ye, fear not.

*E.* Look too?

*Za.* come foreward man, fear nothing.

30 *Ps.* Why do's a gape so, will a not bite?

*Za.* No, no, no, I warrant thee

*P.* I am pellance afraid of my nose it hangs but by the skin

If a should but touch it, were utterly lost.

*knock: agen.*

*knock: agen.*

*knock: agen.*

*Exeunt: & E. pulls back out.*

*they bring one bound*

*Blaz*

*Elea.* Fury, why dost thou hunt met  
*Pe.* What must I say now?  
*Pe.* Say, for food.  
*P.* For food.  
*S.* *Elea.* For food: what food will fill thy hungry maw?  
*P.* Let me alone to answer now: Powderd-beef.  
*Elea.* I will have him shut up a Cramming; will not do well Zareck?  
*Ze.* Exceeding well.  
*Elea.* And then I will make him a chopping boy.  
*Pe.* O rare! does a speak in earnest now?  
*Elea.* Petrufio: I will have him fed with chopt haye  
 And then I will cut him out in steaks for my breakfast.  
*Pe.* A had better feed upon Cow-beef for I shall eat monstrous stuff.  
*E.* Away with him Zareck! ho, ho, ho, I have him fast now.  
*Pe.* Petrufio:  
*Pe.* My Lord:  
*E.* Feed him with a Pitchfork, just a bite chise by the fingers.  
 Ho, ho, ho, I have caught the Woodcock in a tangle.  
*Table brought in, and Enter Petr.*  
 We have rare cheer towards I faith,  
 And I am monstrous sharp set.  
 But I am pestilence afraid of these same hungry Captains;  
 If they should invite themselves to dinner here,  
 What woe'd become of me?  
 Heres one come already, he lay my life on't  
 who knocks there?  
*Ze.* Ope the door, sirrah.  
*Pe.* Is he? he: I know him by his terrible voice:  
 Madam-madam lady-madam!  
 Heres my lord Tocky come a gen.  
*Ze.* Ope the door I say.  
*Pe.* By and by.  
*P.* now is the edge of mine appetite as dull as a beetle.  
 Hay, hay, heres a whole rabblement of captains:  
 Why madam? why?  
 I must ope the door, or else they'll break my pate agen.  
*Enter Ze. Knocking.*  
*Ze.* Roft-meat; roft-meat-I smel roft-meat.  
*P.* Pox a your quick sent. - by and by.  
*Enter Simon.*  
*S.* Death, I am almost starv'd: A share, a share.  
 I cry a share, this fellow smells of fat.  
 Of precious fat; sirrah confest, confest.  
 What had thou left to say?  
*Ze.* Thou smelst of roft-meat; sirrah, where is it?  
 Where.

Where 'ist I say? for I wool have it all.  
*Pe.* They'll eat me up between um sure.  
*S.* Thou sha't take me too then; Rascal, go fetch it me.  
*P.* If they don't eat me up, they'll pull me in peeces.  
*S.* Oh-Oh- I wool Sir, I wool Sir.  
*Enter Eleazer with his rapier drawn.*  
*E.* Give me some food, you hungry Canniballs.  
*Pe.* Heres another, heres another.  
*Ze.* Keep off thou frantick fool.  
*Pe.* Why Madam, Lady; look to the  
 Roft-meat. the Captains; the captains.  
*Ze.* Minion Come down; come down I say, or by my life  
 He fetch thee down.  
*L.* Mir. Patience my Lord I pray; and you shall see  
 That Miriam has reserv'd a part for you;  
*Pe.* A plenteous part, enough to feast ye all.  
*E.* There stands the queen of heaven: what ho! Cuthla.  
*Enter the Lady.*  
 Bring forth the bak't meats: come Lords, sit ye down; *Pe.* Bring up  
 He feed ye with such Cates so rare, and delicate,  
 And of such flurring nature, you will wonder,  
 When you shal feel their powerfull operation.  
 Sett theres a hand for you; for you a foot;  
 For you my Lord the heart, the precious heart.  
 Now-good my Lords fall to; fall to I pray.  
*Elea.* The heart is raw-and bloody, He not eat it:  
*Ze.* It sturrs-it sturrs-  
*Lady.* What sturrs?  
*Elea.* My fathers heart; He not endure to see't.  
*Pe.* I have a monstrous quaine come over my stomack now.  
*Lady.* What not a bitt my Lords? Ah, my beloved son!  
*Ze.* How sweet and pleasing was thy Company,  
 Whilst thou wert yet a live! and even in death,  
 Thou still art sweet and pretious; for by thee  
 these Cruell Captains are become my friends,  
 By the I am sustain'd and kept alive.  
*Sim.* I am amaz'd:  
*Ze.* Face thee well, thou wretched woman!  
*Lady.* For shame my Lords, for nor a womans heart  
 Out-brave a soldiers: dare ye not taste a bitt  
 Waste not your Cruelty that caus'd me kill him!  
*Ze.* And will ye then refuse to eat a part?  
*Peter.* Now have I a conceit, that some thing sturrs in my belly.  
 I am in travail sure: for my stomack wambles and wambles,  
 K 2 And

And I shall be deliver'd on't ere long.

*Exit Po.*

*Drums beat, and they fight within.*

*Enter Elizer.*

E. where art thou Caesar, where art thou Caesar?  
He fight with none but Caesar.

*Enter Kad.*

Here comes Achilles, brags Achilles.

*They fight and*

O.... I am fall'n for Eyer.

*E. falls.*

*Enter Lo: Iehochanan: wounded.*

Lo. Give fire to the Temple; give fire to the Temple.

*Exit*

*The Temple fir'd, and enter Titus.*

Ti. Forbear, forbear, ye cursed wretches; to destroy  
Those sacred walls,--how glorious they appear!

O ye rebellious Slaves! how dare ye tempt  
So Great a Deity: By all the gods, it burns, it burns;  
The raving fire has seiz'd the battlements.

Horrors and vengeance, plagues and punishments  
Seiz on your stubborn souls; it burns, it burns afresh;  
The heavens are angry sure, they chide with me.

*Thunder.*

Forbear- Forbear, thou flaming firmament,  
To chide Vespasian's sons; for tis not he  
Hath done thee this dishonor.

*Exit.*

*Thunder: Enter Simon, his rap: drawn, with a robe and a*

S. Sure the black mantle of the Memphisist,  
That muzzled once the face of Egypt sits;

The dreadful darkness of Cimmerian fog,  
Whose neighbour nation to the frozen pole,  
For ever's banisht from the Glimp of light:

Nor hel it self, nor ought, (if ought there be),  
More dark then hell, can be more horrible--

Then is this dreadful night, this night of death,  
I heard a mighty voice within the Temple cry,

Come away, come away; Let us depart from hence.

Strange apparitions have been seen by many;

Sure Heaven, and Earth, and hell have all conspir'd

Our ruin. I am amaz'd within this datelesome dale  
There is a secret cave will shelter me.

*Feels about, and*

Tis here, this strange disguise perchance may save my life. *Enter the cave*

*Enter Iehochanan: his rapier drawn.*

This way, or that, I know not which to take;

I am perfuad one every side, I will take this.

*Exit.*

*Enter Valerio and Nicanor.*

Va. The two seditious Captains are escape;  
But sure they cannot long conceal themselves.

*Extremity*

Extremity of hunger will betray them.  
Where is the Generall?

Ni. Retreating to his tent, and wondrous sad  
To see the ruins of the Sacred Temple.

5 Ka. Hee's of a noble nature; pray Nicanor  
Let us invent some pleasing way  
To Cure him of his discontent.

Ni. With all my heart: let us present the Maske  
We late intended.

10 Va. Happily thought of; war will ha'te to night.  
Ni. Content, content.

*Enter Simon out of the Cave, with a Robe upon him,  
and a Crown on his head.*

Va. Defend me heaven! what apparition's that?

Ni. Hah: --- let's speak to it.

Simi. Extremity of hunger has compell'd

15 Me to reveal my self:  
This strange disguise perchance may save my life:  
The Romans are afraid.

*Beckons them.*

Va. A beckons us; let us go near:

What art thou, that dost wear those Kingly Robes?

20 Sim. I am of Sacred Zinage, Romans;  
Sprung from the Kings of Iuda; shelter'd here  
To save my life. Conduct me to your Lord the General.

Ni. Lay hands upon him: Now by my life tis Simeon.  
Come Villain, wee'l conduct thee to the General.

25 Va. Now By this hand this prize was finely caught:  
This wool please Titus well.

*Exeunt, and  
drag him along*

*Enter a Drum cover'd with black, beating a sad Retreat; two follow  
with black pendants: Then enter Titus, Goriion, and  
Joseph, with attendants.*

Titus. Come good old man, now on a Roman word  
Thou art welcome, nobly welcome:

*Sits by Titus*

Come sit down, sit there; nay I will have it so.

30 Trust me I joy to se thee safe at liberty.

Ger. Thanks to my honor'd Lord.

Ti. How fares thy aged Wife?

Gr. Shee's well, my gracious Lord,

But somewhat weak with long imprisonment.

35 Ti. O my Josephus! how I grieve to see  
the ruins of thy fair Jerusalem:

But as it is, I give the sacred power  
to be dispos'd by thee.

Jos. Thanks, my most honored Lord.

*Th:*



*Tis.* Thy Father is grown old, and will desire  
to spend his days in peace.

*A flourish from within.*

What means that Musick?

*Jos.* Thy Captains, gracious Prince, desire to show  
thee some pastime.

*Tis.* We do accept it, give them entrance:  
'twill relish well to pass our discontent.

### THE MASQUE.

*Enter Time bearing an Escutcheon, six Roman Champions, each with  
Lawrel follow, each bears an Escutcheon: Jehochoanan and Simeon fol-  
low guarded: Time presents the Escutcheon to the General.*

*Tis.* What's here? six Roman Champions leading the world captive:  
the Motto: *Not one; but all!* subscribe.

*Times winged Speed doth here present*

*Six Moral Virtue's fair Event*

*Six Roman Champions, whilst they live,*

*to these Six Virtues harbour give.*

*The Champions presents their Escutcheons in order.*

*Tis.* Piety pourtrai'd in a black Mantle, in her left hand a Sack, an Em-  
bleme of reciprocal love, her right arm stretch'd out in Prayer, with a sword  
in her hand, to show her resolution for Religion: the Motto, *Semper eadem.*

Your inventions have done well to give this Virtue priority.

For 'tis the Basis of our glorious actions.

the firm foundation that our hymns laud

When first a did ordain the Vestal fires:

It would have been more proper had ye liam'd her

Smiling, and pointing to a sumptuous house

Built on the rowling sand: the Motto this,

*Sine me peris impensa:* well, the next.

Temperance decipher'd in a white Robe, with a sober countenance, in her  
left hand a Cornucopia, with this Motto, *In abundantia abstemio:* the  
next.

Chastity pictur'd in a green Robe, a Lion couching by her side, she points  
to a Lilly: the Motto, *Pares nos sumus.*

Friendship binding a fardle of sticks together: the Motto, *Concordia  
regna florent.*

Constancy depainted in a purple Robe, her left hand pointing to the Moon,  
her right to her Bosom: the Motto, *Mutabile quicquid extra, nil intus.*

Patience limn'd in a Violet Robe, pointing to a rose: *Ah, it's not so:*  
the Motto, *Disparce nos sumus, and under, Sat cito si sat bene:*

This was a good conceit, it likes me passing well:

For now I see, my Lords, yee will not flatter me;

Well, I'll endeavour to amend it, Lords:

Come,

Come, now to your sports.

*Musick, and they dance: the Mask ended, Time presents the  
Prisoners, and exults.*

*Jehoch.* Mercy, my gracious Lord,

*The Prisoners kneel.*

*Time.* What lately Prisoner's hee, that wears the Diadem?

*Jo.* My honor'd Lord, this is the cruel Simon:

And this Jehochoanan.

*Tis.* What! art sure tis he?

*Jo.* Most certain, mighty Prince.

*Sim.* Mercy, my honor'd Lord.

*Tis.* Look down, look down, ye powers above, and see

the basest scum of all mortality.

Is it possible to see the Villains kneel,

And beg?

Seaven daies together let the Slaves be led

In triumph: to be mockt, and scorn'd, and kickt;

And each day tortur'd to extremity,

then put them to an ignominious death.

*Si.* Curses and plagues reward thee.

*Exeunt Prisoners,  
and Guard.*

*Ti.* Now worthy Germe, thou hast liv'd to see

thy self reveng'd of all thine injury.

*Ger.* Ah my good Lord! I joy not in revenge,

that I must leave to heaven.

*Shant willin.*

*Ti.* Enquire the cause of that shout.

*1. Attendant.* More prisoners brought, my Lord.

*Ti.* Let them have entrance.

*Enter Officers leading Zareck and the Lady Miriam Prisoners,*

*another following leading Peter with a halber above*

*his neck, the Lady weeps.*

*1. Officer.* Come along Sir, come along: you have no stomach to  
go too.

*Pet.* I have more stomach beh'f to eat, if I had some vittails: hark  
ye Sir, pray do not pull too hard, least ye pull my head off: it's held on  
by nothing but skin and dry bones, the marrow is wasted long since: I

believe I shall never hold the hanging.

*Tis.* What Lady's that, whose sad behaviour speaks such discontent?

*Ger.* Ah Noble Time, to relate the story

Of her sad fate, will prove a task too weighty

For a woful breast to utter----

Let others speak her sad calamity.

For me it is enough to weep her misery.

*Time.* Rise up distressed woman: by all that's good,

I joy not in so sad a spectacle.

Tell me thy cause of grievance: If there be

A way



A way to make thee happy, leave it to me,  
And I will see thee righted.

And I will see thee righted.  
*Lady.* A way to make me happy: ay, the poor wretch:  
 the world to me is a distastfull thing,  
 Full of affrighting Objects: penlive thoughts and fears,  
 Horrors, amazements, anguish, griefe and tears,  
 Attend my restless hours: no room is left  
 For the least hope of comfort: no starting hole  
 to ease the torture of a wearied soul.

*She weeps.*

10. My honor & Lord is the Lady, *William*  
 Extracted from a noble family:  
 the sad Epitome of grief and misery:  
 the wofull mother of a murder'd son.

**Lady Miriam.** By me, by this accursed arm, entombed here  
within the wretched womb that gave it life.

**Peter.** Me thinks I feel a great toe stir in my  
hock now.

24. 227. Ah my dear son! thy wounds bleed fresh  
In my remembrance: the bloody acc:  
Sits sad upon my soul: afflict my guilty breast,  
Disturb my working brain: Justice, my Lord:  
I cry for Justice against my cruel son:  
And must not be denied him.

**Time.** The unpleasing Spectacle disturbs me,  
Lead her away, and see her safely kept,  
And gently of her let what I see  
Attend her actions, lest she should

Let him be tortur'd with the greatest rigour  
Can be invented.

*They halter him.*

Za. Ha ha ha ha--- Could'st thou devise  
As many tortures as have e're bin born  
By all the sons of Adam; thus wood I slighe  
Both them and thee,----

*Spurns  
at it.*

Tis. I shall unmask this hellish bravery:  
Lead him away, I say.

Zar. Thou canst not, Roman, in spite of cruelty,  
10 Zareck will triumph in the Victory.

Officers. Come along Sir, come along.

Pet. Hark yee Sir, when ye begin to cry Oh-----  
Remember whose pate yee broke, Sir.

Zar. Peace, Babler.

*Exeunt Officers with Zareck.*

15 Tis. Come honor'd friends, upon a Romans word  
Ye're nobly welcome: let not Jewrys fall  
Dismay your Princely hearts: Romes General  
Will find a way to raise your ruin'd State.  
The gods are just: we must submit to fate:  
20 Take care of that distressed Lady.

*Descends his  
throne.*

Pet. Now do I long to see the Captains at it.

*Exeunt omnes, the Lady weeping.*

*Finis Actus Quinti.*

## EPILOGVS.

THE lousy Buskin, and the learned Bay,  
Are not expected to adorn our Play:  
OUR Author deemeth these false trophies fit  
35 To grace the raptures of a ripper wit.  
The stately lines of Sophocles high strain  
Flow from the fountain of Minerva's brain:  
Instead of Bayes, and Buskins, if our stile  
May fairly merit your deserved smile:  
30 'Tis all we aime at: either grant us this,  
Or gently pardon what you judge amiss.

FINIS.